ERASING YOUR FACE
THE WORLD OPENS UP

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ERASING YOUR FACE

WRITING BY STUDENTS & TEACHERS
IN THE SCHOOLS OF MONTANA
1978 - 1979

THE WORLD OPENS UP

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Montana Arts Council
Poets & Writers in Schools Program

This anthology is for Madeline DeFrees. From the beginnings of the Program, her expertise, friendship and spirit have energized us all . . .

and

for the students in Montana's schools, as a special observance of the International Year of the Child.

In his official proclamation, Governor Thomas L. Judge reminds us that "the child who is" calls to the "child who was in each of us". He asks that the people of Montana join in a special awareness of our children, their needs and their capabilities. When young people begin to write poetry or fiction they are erasing their public faces and opening up to their inner selves. An essential function of education is learning to reveal ourselves thereby realizing our potential as human beings.

The dual theme of the International Year of the Child is "Awareness and Celebration". In our understanding of each child, we come to celebrate innate creativity and open up this world around and within each of us.

IT'S NOT EVERYDAY

It's not everyday when plants grow
between your toes and frogs come out
of your ears. It's not everyday
when eyes turn to flies and your toes
turn to toads. And it's not everyday
when you sleep in the bathtub
and your toes swim off.

Steen Andreasen
Fort Benton Elementary
Fort Benton

CLEANING FISH ON A SUMMER DAY

My brother laid
the fish on
the board.
Very gently,
My sister knocked
the fish out.
My brother
picked up
his knife,
he cut off a fin.
Stinky, sewery smell.
Pulling off
the scales
my brother
laughed.

Lori Smarsh
Graff Elementary
Laurel

WORKING A SMALL FARM

Working out in that endless summerfallow
with a little 830 John Deere,
Whatever direction I go in, I
eat the dirt that blows in my face.
I soak up the sunrays into my caked skin.
I pull the weeds out of the 12 foot toolbar
with my raw, bare hands.
Watching the seagulls gulping up the mice
behind the toolbar.

Kim Bain
Plentywood High School
Plentywood

WITH MYSELF

By myself
imagining
I'm nowhere
at the end
of the dock
the water
is a looking glass
filled with pleasure
then suddenly
it freezes
I am older
one whole season
has passed me by
like a stone
with only breeze
to blow it by.
Can time ever
repay me for
the last life
can I ever go back
can I dream those dreams
oh please
let me regrow
I promise this time
I shall know it.

Cheri Gratton
Meadow Hill Elementary
Missoula

LIVING IN VICTOR

We started out
to Victor.
We went there
and found a house
in the town
by a park.
When we moved in
I wasn't familiar
with the place that took
up an acre
of space
in the town.
My room was in the back
of the house.
Like a mouse
I would run and play
and get in trouble sometimes.
After a while
I got used to the place.
I would
go and play
in the stream by our house
with my dream.

Alan Getz
Willard Elementary
Missoula

BEAVERTON

Beaverton is like a place undone,
constantly building and building
roads, underpasses, overpasses
going every which way.
People driving, walking, playing
Cars splashing through the streets,
People getting sopping wet,
Rain.

Thomas K. Clute
Willard Elementary
Missoula

STRAWBERRY

A strawberry is as sweet
as a fairy's touch,
as soft as a bundle of silk.
Its laugh is as good
of hearing as a bird's singing,
and as quiet as
a child sleeping.

Tanya Hanson
Central Elementary
Missoula

BIRDS

Birds awake me
deep in the forest
diving, arguing,
trying to catch
the early worm.
Dew on a spider's web
dripping
crisp cold air,
crimson skyline
turns to orange
then yellow
as the sun
lights fire
to the sky, warm.

Robin Pilsworth
Seeley-Swan High School
Seeley Lake

DEAR PUGS

I
am
sorry
for
burying
you
in
an
old
cardboard
box.

Things
at home
ain't
as
good
as where
you
went,

heaven
or hell.
But
if you
went
to heaven
it
is
a
better
place
than
where
I am.

Mike Buel
K. W. Bergen Elementary
Browning

The quietest thing I know is
a blue bird chirping in the dark
dark rain.

John Ployhar
Emerson Elementary
Bozeman

SAD AND HAPPY

I was shooting my BB gun
at a tree. There was a baby deer
behind it, and I hit her.
I took her to the barn
and gave her some hay. I took
the BB out of her.

I set her down by her mother
and she ran to her.

Warren Troxell
Washington Elementary
Missoula

I was running, running, trying to get away.
A mummy was after me!
Then the police caught him.
The mummy pulled out his eyeballs and handed
them to the policeman, saying, "Ship these on
a banana boat to Cincinatti".

Kathy Anderson
Hawthorne Elementary
Missoula

LAGOON

On a sunny day I walk, I walk across
the unsteady ridge, I walk down to
the slow moving water, I put my
hand into the water, but what
you really feel is under the top
of the water it turns into
mad moving things
but when I walk back
up the glittering walls,
I tend to look down
and see what is really
in the water that makes
my finger move, I also see
the beauty of the wall of
the glittering ridge, I see the plants
across from me, I look to see what is
below me, what I mostly see is how colorful
the lagoon is from side to side from top to
bottom.
The sea is still
around me
all around the lagoon
but
it's
really
just
rocks.

Dawn Allinger
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

DEAD AND ALIVE

One day Barby ran out of sugar so she had to run over to Jeany's house, who is her neighbor. She was running and she dropped her favorite china cup from China. So she ran back home and when she got in the house the phone rang and it was the hospital saying that her boyfriend was dead.

She cried and cried and cried. She cried for four hours and then she called Jeany to babysit while she went to the hospital. When she got there she saw her friend, Dr. Ventan. Dr. Ventan came running to her and said, "Your boyfriend is not dead but he is in critical condition."

And she said: "May I go see him?" And Dr. Ventan said "Yes, but do not talk too much."

She went in there and said "What happened?"

Joe said: "I was out farming and all of a sudden a big water buffalo trampled all over me."

And Barby said "Oh you poor dear" and threw her arms around him and killed him. After she did that she remembered she was not supposed to touch him. She screamed *EEEEEEEEEEEEEK.* The doctors and nurses came running in the room.

"Oh Dr. Ventan," Barby said, "I'm sorry. Is he OK?"

"You fool," said Dr. Ventan. "You killed him."

"I did? I'm sorry. I really am." And then Barby started to cry *BOO HOO BOO HOO.* She goes home and starts to cry again because the doctor yelled at her.

Jeany asked "Why are you crying?"

"Because the doctor yelled at me."

"How's your boyfriend?"

"I killed him. I just killed Joe. Now Tommy doesn't have a dad. Just me to support him. I remember our first night out," she said still crying. "We had a wonderful night."

(This issue of DEAD AND ALIVE will be continued)

(This is the next issue of DEAD AND ALIVE)

Jeany said: "How are you going to tell Tommy his dad is dead?"

"I don't know quite yet. I suppose I'll have to tell him soon."

"Well, Barby," Jeany said, "tell him slowly. By the way, Barby, you never did tell me how you killed Joe."

"I went to his room. I was so scared that he was going to die that I wrapped my arms around him and he croaked."

"Oh what a sad story," Jeany said. "I really feel sorry for you. What are you going to do? You just murdered a person. You might go to the cooler for that," Jeany said.

"I know but I can't go to the cooler. Who will take care of Tommy?"

"Oh don't worry. I'll take care of him."

"Oh thanks, Jeany."

"By the way, Barby, aren't you going to need a lawyer? I know a friend who is a lawyer," Jeany said.

"You do? Gee, that's great. What's his name?"

"Her name is Delores Woodpecker."

"Where did she get a name like that?"

"Well, Barby, it's a long story. It all began with Delores's grandfather who was a lumberjack. One day the other lumberjacks made up a name for him and it was Mr. Woodpecker. He liked that better than his real last name

which was Wellwater. So all the lumberjacks called him Mr. Woodpecker and that's how she got her last name."

"Is she any good?"

"Yes," says Jeany. "She had one person and he was guilty and the punishment was life. He robbed a place."

"Oh good grief," said Barby.

"And then the next case was bribery," Jeany said, "and he got 50 years. And then she had a murder case like yours."

"What happened?"

"The person had two life times for him and his wife."

After Jeany got done Barby went to the phone and called the police department. They answered: This is the 108th precingt. This is admiral Phew, I mean, this is Sargent Phew. May I help you?

"This is Barby Doll. I just murdered, well, I mean earlier I accidently murdered my boyfriend."

"Oh I see," said Sargent Phew. "How did this happen?"

"Well my boyfriend was in the hospital and I was so scared he would die I flung my arms around him and right then I remembered I wasn't supposed to touch him and he died. That's my story, Officer."

"Okay. Come down to the station and we'll take care of it."

So Barby went down to the police station and Sargent Phew asked her questions. After about two hours he found Barby guilty. So she was sent to the cooler.

Meanwhile at Barby's house Jeany was trying to get Tommy to go to sleep. Tommy kept saying: Where's my mommy? Where's my mommy? And Jeany kept saying She'll be home. All of a sudden the phone rang. *Ding-a-ling Ding-a-ling.* And it was Barby.

"Oh Jeany, oh Jeany," she said. "I was sent to prison for ten years."

"It can't be true. It can't be true."

"But it is," said Barby Doll and they both start crying *BOO HOO BOO HOO.*

"Can I ask you a favor?" said Barby. "Take care of Tommy for me please."

"Why don't you give him to your aunt?"

"Because she really doesn't want to have him. Is that Tommy screaming in the background?," said Barby. "Why is Tommy screaming?"

"Because he wants you," Jeany said.

"Let me talk to him. Hello, Tommy?"

"Is that you Mommy?"

"Yes, son. It's me. I killed your father and I'll be home in ten years."

(To be continued)

(This issue is continued)

Jeany took Tommy to bed and the phone rang. It was the funeral services and it wanted to know if Joe should be buried or burned. Jeany said: I think he should be buried and he was buried the next day.

Meanwhile at the prison Barby was thinking. She was thinking how dumb she was to kill Joe because she really loved him. And then Barby started crying *BOO HOO BOO HOO.*

At Barby's house Jeany and Tommy ate Happy Time Popcorn and watched Starsky and Hutch. Tommy got to call Barby every day. Hello, he said.

"Hello," said Barby. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. How's daddy at the hospital?"

"I told you," said Barby. "Your father is dead."

"Oh no," said Tommy. "Has daddy croaked?"

"That's not a good name for it, but yes, your daddy has croaked."

"Why are you in Jail?"

"Because I croaked him. I didn't mean to. It was an accident. I'm sorry, OK?"

"Ok, I forgive you."

(Ten years later)

"Tommy," said Jeany, "your mother is coming home today and I want this house cleaned up. Now I'll go get her from the jail, OK?"

"I can't even remember what she looks like," said Tommy.

About one hour later Jeany and Barby came home.

"Mom," said Tommy, "I missed you."

"I missed you too, Tommy. From now on this is going to be a normal home."

"Why?" said Tommy.

"Because I brought a friend. My new boyfriend I met in jail."

And then they all got acquainted and it was a happy home.

The End

(Group story)
Ana MacDonald
Shelly Allan
Roosevelt School
Missoula

MY PAINTING

When I was painting
it made me think
of grass.
So I drew some,
and it made me
think of animals.
So I drew some,
and it made me
think of birds.
So I drew some,
and it made me
think of the sky.
So I drew it,
and it made me
think of flowers.
So I drew some.
Then I was done.

Susan Marcus
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

Oh horse, give me your legs so I can
run up a hill, so I can run as fast as I
want. I don't care if I'm huge, or if I have
short legs as long as I can run
up a steep hill and be as fast
as a flash. When I run, I will leave fire
behind me. I will have great huge
muscles so I can jump over a river
that is twenty feet wide.

Dion Mittens
K. W. Bergen Elementary
Browning

THE OLD BUFFALO

The old buffalo
roamed and ran
until the world
came to an end.

Julie Carey
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

THE STARS

The Stars are singing in the
night
They are singing a song of love
They are telling a story of the
past
They are telling of the people
who have died
But the people are still alive
in the sky

Vicky McDowell
Sacajawea Elementary
Great Falls

BASEBALL (acrostic)

When I was playing baseball
As I hit the ball
It went so far
The sky swallowed it.

John Jones
Sunnyside Elementary
Great Falls

THE ZOO

The zoo is a place with
animals in cages.
From place to place
the monkeys swing on
branches.
From pond to pond
the frogs jump and
leap.
From tree to tree
the birds fly in air.

Hundreds of animals
in their bright black cages.
They must have
failed!

Mark McCulloch
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

BLOOD POEM

It runs through
your body like
tomato juice.

You could never
tell it from
tomato juice.

If someone ever
asks you if you
want tomato juice,
say no.

Blood is like
a stream running
through your body.

It runs fast,
It turns colors.
If it is blue, it is
dirty. If it is red,
it is clean.

If someone ever
asks you if you
want to go to
the cleaners,
say no.

Tracey Campbell
Lowell Elementary
Missoula

WILD STALLION OF MY DREAMS

There I saw him,
black as coal,
spirited as fire,
standing as tall and proud as a giraffe,
his coat blazed like the sun,
he ran with the wind,
he was part of the wild,
but then there came the riders
who wanted to use the horse of my dreams
for dog food,
but I wasn't about to let them take away
my dream horse,
I scrambled up from my hiding place
in the underbrush,
tears burning my face,
I yelled and ran after my horse to save him,
my heart settled to see the men
give up the chase,
a smile spread across my face,
free from men for a time.

Heidi Hermstad
Chester Elementary
Chester

DAMAIN

Damain
I have had
a rough time.
Last Friday night
I saw you
You were snowed
I was drunk.
I didn't get home
You did.

Craig Brown
Dawson County High School
Glendive

MY PHOTOGRAPH

My grandma is sitting
in their music room
playing the organ
and she is singing
when the
saints
go
marching
in
and the TV is on
she is watching
a church show
and she is looking
out the window
and there is a garden
way out there.

Cindy Clingman
Wilson Elementary
Bozeman

We lived near this marshy field when I was four. That field was just plum full of frogs. Once in the beginning of winter my dad and I were outside and I felt sorry for the frogs. I wanted to bring them in but dad said no. I went exploring and found a frozen frog and stuck him in my pocket and took him inside. My mom yelled and I got spanked hard. Now I just leave the frogs outside.

Wendre Vaughan
Meadow Hill Elementary
Missoula

SNOWBOUND

Sliding through that clean
whispy, white powder, going
back and forth, back and forth,
the rhythm gets complete
and soon my body feels
like a machine that knows
a certain pattern.

The thrill of looking back,
seeing that freshly cut
track in the snow,
fills me with pride, as if
I'd painted a picture
covering the entire side
of the frozen mountain
and was recognized
as the artist.

Craig Dorewood
Plentywood High School
Plentywood

A CRAZY LETTER

Mr. Buger Bone, love is just the same.
Cool fool, honey. I love you. Book chang
your dipper. That's the way ah ah I like it.
Bushy bushy blond hair-do. That's dumb!
You don't mess. Pick your nose for all I care.
At the Arctic Circle you get a big bite. Shake
your booty. Mr. Bloob Blur, dirt baby boogie.
Don't do that.

Cindy Edgmond
Wilson Elementary
Bozeman

On one slow day
I put on my shoes.
I hear someone start to sing.
I crept softly,
low I crept,
and through the hole I saw my dreams.

Adam Rush
Hawthorne Elementary
Missoula

Wet and green
pools
of cloudy dew
warm rainy days
my favorite place
Oswego
Oswego.

Rhonda Flake
Seeley-Swan High School
Seeley Lake

STAR

If I were a star,
I would eat the wind.

Carolyn McKay
Dwyer Elementary
Anaconda

SOUNDLESS

The snow is falling, falling.
The bright green grass is soon covered.
The once rocky roads are smooth with snow.
The birds do not make a sound.
There is no sound at all.

Nate Haines
Havre Junior High
Havre

Today's the day
Pearl Harbor got killed
in the sea. And today
is his funeral.

Chico DeRoche
Vina Chattin Elementary
Browning

FISHING

I was fishing on an old blue bench
and it was tippy.
A friend knocked the bench over
and I fell in.
He helped me out but now I'm careful
who I sit with while fishing.

Gary Durham
Wilson Elementary
Bozeman

THE SHORE

Seagulls melting into the sun
Spread over the western sky
Being slowly eaten
By the watery predators
    Seagulls
lying motionless in the sky
Break the mist on the horizon
    The sun
reflecting off the roaring waves
Slowly sinks
Turning the water fiery red
Spreading across the sky
    The ocean breeze
Nudges the birds
Leaves them melting
Into the distorted sun
    It's gone
As the night settles in
The waves grow louder
Creating, crashing onto the shore
    A child cries
As his marshmallow melts off his stick
Gluing itself to what seems
Half the seashore
    His sister laughs
Cheerfully
Clearly
Gives him another
Adds another stick
to the dying warmth
Of the fire

It burns
    And later
The moon comes
Reflecting off the waves
    Two people
Find each other
Share the strange feeling
Of finding solitude
And a friend
On the shore
    The seagulls
Talk somewhere
In the darkness
Speaking once again of
The old feeling
Of finding something new
And the new feeling
Of finding something old

Mike Schmidt
Whitehall High School
Whitehall

SMOKE

The smoke blows past
my awakening face
as I look behind
to find a race,
but we keep on walking
until the end
for when I am through
there will be no end.

The smoke, the ash
goes into snow, smothered
like me, as we turn the corner
of no return
to see my pa return.
He stopped.
I knew it was the end;
until he left,
I was scared,
but now I am not
for the smoke will come back.
It's always here.

Linda Beeler
Dickinson Elementary
Missoula

STARS

The stars whisper as they glide,
riding along on a smooth, smooth ride.
But once when one of those stars
started to fall,
The wind came up and blew them all!
That's why some of those stars are
still falling, now.
The stars, the stars.

Davilyn Spring
Sacajawea Elementary
Great Falls

I see somebody in Laos. The hand
was sick. And somebody
washes the clothes by hand,
and in Laos they make the boats
by hand. In Laos they make
the house or the school or any
thing by their hands.

Sao Thao
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

I went hunting and shot
a deer, and the deer's hair
stood up.

Maynard Old Chief
K. W. Bergen Elementary
Browning

My
secret place
is

the garden

I like
to look at

the flowers

and eat the
sweet berries
and watch the
birds and look
at my cactus.

Steven Peters
Beaver Dam Elementary
Anaconda

ANTELOPE

Antelope, a nice little town,
you go there at night about 8 o'clock
and there are kids running all over playing Hide and Go Seek.
Stop in on Sunday, 5:30, and go to Krumweides'
yard to see kids playing Cops and Robbers.

Go there in winter, listen to the snowmobiles
roar. And sometime, stop in and see
the old burnt down school, and the chimney.
It was there since 1917, and burned October 20, 1978.
But the bar and church are still
going strong and there are not so
many kids roaming the streets
of Antelope any more.

Grant Spoklie
Antelope Junior High
Antelope

"See ya about 2:30 tomorrow afternoon, then. Bye Sharon."

"Bye Pete."

So much for yesterday's phone conversation. Today is tomorrow. Hand on hip and coffee mug in hand, Sharon stands staring out onto the New England seascape. Thunder caps of white waves sound while a chill sweeps through the salty September skies of gray.

'How long? . . . Four years?' His voice was still the same as I remember, she mused. It still smiled with every word, and rang smooth and mellow like a trumpet playing blues.

'Four years . . . a long time. Too long. Is he still the same Pete I used to know? The same guy who would slave over a single dance number til we'd worked it to perfection? Is he still the same, even after the war? Or am I just afraid to see him change?'

"Sharon? Are you awake?" her sister questioned.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Deb. Were you saying something? I guess I wasn't paying attention."

"I should say! I've been pounding on the door for ten minutes. I thought maybe something was wrong since there was no answer."

"No, I'm fine. It's just that . . ."

"Oh I know." Deb interrupted. "You've got a lot on your mind, I mean with Pete and all."

"I still can't believe he's coming. It's been so many years since I've seen him last. Wonder what he looks like now, you know, since the war. I heard something about some kind of accident."

"I was never told of any extensive injury," Deb reassured her. "He'll be alright. In a few days you'll be running beaches together, working at the track and dancing to a whole new line of routines."

"Just like the good ol' days" Sharon said quietly.

"Believe me, all this worrying will seem foolish once you and Pete get back together," said Deb. "Everything will be fine. You'll see."

Sharon laughed. "Do you really think so? I wonder if things could be that good again." Her face became serious. She continued. "People say you can never go back. Never. No matter how far you dig or how hard you try things can never be the same."

"I guess we'll just have to wait in suspense 'til this afternoon, Sis."

"You know, Deb, when I was talking on the phone with him I had the weirdest feeling. All the routines we've done, tournaments and cities we've travelled to, flooded back into my memory. But . . . but it terrified me somehow."

"I don't get it, Sharon. Why were you scared? You're not afraid to see him, are you?"

"Oh no! Well, I don't know for sure. It wasn't actually him that frightened me. It was Time itself. Talking to him was like, well, like talking with a voice from the past." Sharon sighed. "I don't want the war to change Pete or our years spent working together."

Deb grabbed her sister's shoulder with a sturdy hand. "Sharon, I've found out that sometimes it hurts most to look at years behind us. But the past is always there, slowly seeping into the days of our life. You can't stop time. Don't try to. Don't live your life moping about the past. It's gone. Forever.

The best we can do is look to the days ahead."

She quickly smiled and drained the last swallow of coffee from her mug. "It's not going to be easy, Deb, but I'll try."

Two forty-two.

"Where is he?" Sharon impatiently ran the comb through her sun-streaked chocolate hair. "If my car wasn't in the garage I could've picked him up myself. Deb's car is such a junk heap. Maybe she had engine trouble."

Suddenly the screen door squeaked a welcome.

"Deb? That you? What took you so long? Tell Pete I'll be out in a second." The comb made its final sweep as she ran to the door. Deb stood there, expressionless, giving no reply to the shower of questions Sharon had asked.

"Sharon?"

She turned at the call of a familiar voice. There was Pete. Skin tanned, shiny hair, bright eyes and smile. He was the same alright. All except for the agile hands which toyed nervously with the spokes of his wheelchair.

The sun's rays poked through the light cover of salty mist. Cries of hungry seagulls and angry waves sliced through the morning air.

'It's going to be a humid day,' Sharon thought as her breath lay heavy in her throat. She hadn't slept well that night. She hardly slept at all. Instead she went walking on the beach. The walk lasted long past the birth of the morning. Her feet dug craters into the moist sand. Both hands propped up her touseled head of hair.

"They're gone," she whispered to herself. Waves of confusion rose and fell inside her. "All my hopes, plans, gone. What ever made me think that we'd been given another chance to start all over. But what a team we could've made! Maybe, just maybe if it weren't for the lousey war and the four years it separated us we'd have made it to the top already. But now?" she asked herself. Her face rested in her hands.

"What am I going to do?"

It was the shriek of a frightened bird that caused her to glance up. Reflections danced off the metal as Pete cautiously wheeled across the drifted sand.

"I didn't see you at breakfast," he said.

"I guess I wasn't very hungry," was the reply.

"Sharon, what's wrong? Why are you avoiding me?"

The silence that fell between them seemed as long as the four years.

"You know, Pete, when I first heard that you were coming my mind did a summersault. All I could think of was starting all over, you and me. Only this time we'd work twice as hard, rip twice as many muscles and sweat enough to fill an ocean. And this time, well, we'd make it to the top. I know we would have. We could have."

"We still can," Pete replied softly. Sharon was astonished.

"What? Are you crazy or something? Or are you just waiting for a fairy godmother to come flying around with a new pair of magic legs so we can go on dancing, happily ever after? You better realize that life's a lot more than a stupid fairytale. Things just don't work that way!" Water filled her angry eyes.

"Damn it! Will you listen!" Silence fell

once again. "Who are you to tell me what life is all about? The war taught me that pretty quick. Do you know what it's like wheeling this around facing people with plastic smiles and corney phrases? Do you think I get a kick out of wondering if my legs are attached to my body and having to feel them with my hands to convince me that they're still there?"

"Oh god, Pete, I shot off my mouth again," Sharon said. "I didn't mean to say all that I did. I'm really sorry."

The briney wind whipped through his hair.

'It hurts him to go back and remember it all,' she observed, for as he spoke, his eyes were turned downwards.

"Because of the war I lost a lot of things. Little freedoms I had taken for granted, along with larger things, like the use of my legs." His eyes turned up. "But I'm not going to lose our friendship because of it, or any of the goals we had set for ourselves."

"I don't see where we have any future left in dancing anymore."

"So what's stopping you from going solo? We can't let your legs go to waste. You could turn professional or go into teaching or . . ."

"No way!" she broke in. "I couldn't stand up one day with all the pressure. The hours, the practice, the pain. I'm just afraid I couldn't make it alone. Afterall, I've always had a partner, before."

"You still have a partner," he said.

A puzzled expression crept onto her face. "What do you mean?"

"You are looking at Pete Dobson, your personal Manager, Director of Public Relations, and what ever else comes along with the job. I chose myself because you deserve the best."

Her mouth fell open and eyes lit up with a glitter he'd last seen four years ago.

He spoke. "Well, if we're going to the top we'd better get started. I want three miles every morning followed by three hours on the floor and another two on ballet."

"Oh coach, when do we start?" she joked.

"Right now. Better get ready because I'm gonna race you."

"In that thing?"

"You betcha! This little baby can really kick up some sand!"

"We'll see about that."

They were laughing as they ran off together. Only two sets of completely different tracks were left behind in the sand.

Marie Nagorski
Belgrade High School
Belgrade

When I was a new-born baby they
had to take all my blood out of me
and put my Dad's blood inside me.

And I feel sad because
something could happen
to me right now.

Alan Kilford
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

I'm going to be a plant, to grow
long and get lots of leaves,
to love with my all
the things on the earth.

To be green and long and god
loving.

Leo Hoover
Dickinson Elementary
Missoula

MY EARS

My ears can hear
a lot of things like
a dog barking,
a bird singing,
a car squeeking, and a lot
more things. My ears are nice
to have, but I
am not the only one to have
ears. My friend Billy
has ears.

Erik Scott Dell
Cold Springs Elementary
Missoula

A COLD NIGHT

Jumping, yelling, I whistle
with the wind.
What do you see? Where do you go?
For the night is cold
And the cabin is warm and cozy.
I in my fur skin go
To get wood from outside,
Shivering in the cold
For I am weary
With granddad inside, sick in bed.
I say to him
Grandpa, the wind is cold,
Shivery, and you are
Old.

Leann Crain
Granville-Stuart Elementary
Deer Lodge

LITTLE BEE

The bee be crazy
flitting from flower to flower
to rose to violet to daisy
upward and downward
he would never be lazy
around and around he goes
onward through the flower mazy
hither and yon to and fro
this makes the bee be crazy.

Willy Johnson
Beaver Dam Elementary
Anaconda

DOGS

I love dogs
they're not like hogs
I like their fur
and they don't say
how do you do sir.
I like them when they bark
They sound like a spark
I like their eyes
because they're just like pies.
That's all now about dogs.
But I might talk about frogs.

Shawn Simmes
Sunburst Elementary
Sunburst

1000 YEARS OLD

Standing,
Watching,
Just watching,
Know that that mask is ageless,
And someone so many years ago
Worked on it so hard.
Now you can see a man,
An ancient Egyptian man.
Hammering and pounding, bending, shaping,
Placing precious stones in just the right places.
Proudly but sadly placing it on the pharoah's head.
Down the Nile to his resting place.
Someone bumps you, you come back,
Staring at something 1000 years old.

Jan Russel
Havre Junior High
Havre

THE COOK

Once when I was two and a half
I made pea jam. YUCK!
But for you I'll make it again.

Recipe:

One pea
One smashed pea
One cup of saltwater
Put peas in saltwater
shake up and freeze.

Les Evertt Silver
Hawthorne Elementary
Bozeman

WIND IN THE WHEAT FIELDS

The wind is blowing through the wheat fields
The wheat is moving back and forth
The wind feels good on my face
The sky is blue the trees are green
An oak tree is in the distance
The wheat is waving in my face
Slowly, slowly in my face
A bird is flying the river is running

Bryan Anderson
Chester Elementary
Chester

Dear Chalk,

Would you please write
the answer instead of the question?

Jason Christensen
Granville-Stuart Elementary
Deer Lodge

A CHEETAH

I'm yellow
with black
spots.
I sound
like
nothing
when I
run fast.
I hunt
other animals.
I'm a young cheetah.
I live in a den.
I like
the day
better
than
night!

Patrick Murphy
Irving School
Bozeman

THE DEAD DEER

Half way home
I smell the awful smell of death,
a small deer
on the tracks,
so small and
the mother
standing, licking its face.

I sneak quietly by.
Wrong, I make a noise.
Scared and running, the mother flees,
the baby lying there dead.

Leasha Riggs
Porter Elementary
Missoula

SCHIZO! Oh God, how disgusting can I get?
Your life so far is nothing but a shambles, a wreck,
You can't stay here, so many reputations at stake,
Why, your Mother, Father, Friends, what will they all think?
I will not stay here, there's someplace better,
It'll come, I know! But will it?
You know it's not true, face it, you're here for the ride,
stand up and look on.
So times were rough, we've all known a few.
Who knows what the future holds? Maybe it'll be worse.
We'll take it with a grain of salt, life is full of exciting things.
Believe it or not that is why life is worth disputing.
So you say, "I didn't ask to be loosed upon the earth,"
Really now, just who can we blame?
Watch out now, clean up your act!
Consider those other feeble lives,
Not to mention your own, which we both hold most dear.
So I plead, without self-pity, no sympathetic aspirations,
I'm asking, for you, give it a go, for both of us.
You're going to be able to see the light.
Even if you let it go, you must.
Clear the haze.
What will I have then?
Maybe nothing.
I believe in you, and you me.
Come now and see.

Jim Pettit
Ronan High School
Ronan

MY GRANDPA

One Sunday morning I awoke.
I heard the telephone ringing.
It was my grandmother,
She had some news.
My grandpa had died in his sleep.
All I did that day was think
And hear the birds chirping
A lovely song.

Janet Gradwohl
West Elementary
Laurel

THE BARN

It is brown and grey.
There a boy might have lived.
An old house used to stand, but it
was burned down years ago. A silo
was there at one time or another.
I can see where the platform was, just
a piece of rock now. The old barn
is still standing. An old tree was near
the barn but it fell down the last
time I was there. A wagon sets
by the barn near an old plow. And
the sun and moon are always bright.

Shawn Lesnik
Irving Elementary
Bozeman

THE BIRD

There is a bird flying around the room
the room is small
but he flys with grace.

The room is small
three windows and a door
but the bird flys with grace.

Three windows and a door
the bird brushes the window
and finds the door.

Loren Carlson
Hingham High School
Hingham

I feel like
a game. Nobody puts me away.
I feel like
some heavy weights that my brother lifts.
I feel like
a dictionary with fingers running
through my pages.
I feel like
a flag at school waving in the wind.
I feel like
the comb of someone who didn't wash
their hair.

Shannon Baltrusch
Deer Park Elementary
Columbia Falls

When I hear a sea gull cry it brings
my memories back along the sandy shore
where the children play. All the sea
creatures wanting freedom from the
cruel world.

Colleen Dale
Frenchtown Elementary
Frenchtown

THE SCENE

Sitting against a cold cracked building
the wind blows my hair across my face.
An old rusty can sits motionless
in the faded summer grass.
The cold smell of Fall is in the air.
As I look toward the field
bare trees once covered with leaves
sway in the wind. The jingle of chains
on the swing catch my ears. A teeter-
totter is tired from children playing
on it.

Carol Wirtz
Outlook High School
Outlook

HORIZON HORSE

I was on my grandpa's ranch
camping near a creek.
Mom and Dad were sleeping.
The moon was full
and I just couldn't sleep.
Bored, I looked at the moon
on the horizon.
Right in front of the moon
was a horse silhouetted
against a starry night.

Tama Serfass
Wilson Elementary
Bozeman

MY HEART

My heart is like a trampoline,
Little kids jumping up and down,
Squish squash squish squash
Little kids getting their shoes all bloody,
So when they get home, their mothers will say
Take your shoes off before you come in.

Rick Hensley
Meadowlark Elementary School
Great Falls

HOW I WAS BORN

One day a lady was walking
in a meadow. She felt a breeze.
She put her face in it, she let
her hair blow in it, she ran with it.
She stayed with the wind till it was over.
Then she climbed a tree and I was born.

Mark Magee
Vina Chattin Elementary
Browning

I hear the leaves dropping to the ground
And I like to listen to the sound,
But not all of them fall and
Sometimes I feel that I am the one who
Is falling from trees.

Suzy Steinhauer
Meadowlark Elementary
Great Falls

JASON, MY HYPERACTIVE COUSIN

What's that you say? No, Heather
is not golly golly. Well, it's 8:30,
you better get ready for bedtime.
Yes, Heather is going to bed, too.
No Jason, you let Heather have her doll.
His eyes do not close. He does not sleep.
Please go to sleep Jason. OK, he says.

Chuck Campbell
Granville-Stuart Elementary
Deer Lodge

I AM A MOUNTAIN GOAT

In the winter I like to go find a
cave and listen to the snow
dripping off the rockys. In the summer
I like to jump off the cliffs,
I like to roll down the hills.
When it rains in the spring I like to get
wet. Then my mom gets mad at me.
And when it stops raining I have to go
to the pond and take a bath.

Nikki Brush
Emerson Elementary
Bozeman

GROUP THERAPY

Mrs. Twitch, a plump, pretty woman of about fifty-five, sighed heavily before approaching the pretty young receptionist who seemed so confident. Mrs. Twitch smiled nervously and gave the woman her name. She walked over to a shiny chrome chair next to a magazine rack and sat down. She picked up a three-year-old issue of the *Ladies Home Journal* and attempted to absorb herself in an article on the versatility of cooking with peanut butter. She studied the same paragraph for fifteen minutes until the pleasant voice of the receptionist broke the silence.

"You may go in now, Mrs. Twitch," she said.

With a great effort Mrs. Twitch pulled herself up from the chair. She walked slowly towards the door and glanced up at the professional looking name plate. **Dr. Cyrus Freudman** on the top line with **Psychiatrist** sitting importantly below it. Mrs. Twitch took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Freudman," she said in her most confident tone.

"Good afternoon," said Dr. Freudman. "You are Mrs. Twitch?"

Mrs. Twitch nodded and nervously patted her graying curls in place.

"Ah . . . yes. Please sit down," said Dr. Freudman as he took his own seat behind the dark, shining, mahogany desk.

Mrs. Twitch fumbled in her purse for her bifocals. She put them on and glanced quickly around the office. Dr. Freudman and his desk seemed very ominous.

"I'm a bit nervous, naturally," blurted Mrs. Twitch. "This is the first time I've been to a psy . . . well, you know."

Dr. Freudman spun around once in his swivel chair, then turned to face Mrs. Twitch. "I am a psychiatrist, Mrs. Twitch. In order for analysis to be successful a patient must recognize his need for treatment and treatment involves his psychiatrist."

Mrs. Twitch fidgeted uncomfortably. "Yes, of course. Well, now what?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, should I lie down on the couch or what?" explained Mrs. Twitch.

"Whatever makes you most comfortable," said Dr. Freudman.

Mrs. Twitch glanced at the couch and then she crossed her legs daintily. "Before we start," she said, "I want you to know that my mother had nothing to do with it."

"Hmm. May I enquire as to just exactly what you mean?" said Dr. Freudman.

"Oh, *you* know. You psychiatrists are always trying to blame things on a person's mother. Well, my mother was a perfect darling!"

Dr. Freudman set down the paperclip chain he was making and studied the face of Mrs. Twitch. "Oh yes . . . well, I'm certainly glad you clarified that for me. Now tell me, what do you feel *is* your problem?" Dr. Freudman arched his brows in anticipation.

Mrs. Twitch, apparently puzzled nervously, pushed her bifocals back to their perch on the bridge of her nose. "Isn't that what you're supposed to tell me?" she questioned.

"Yes, but in order to do so," he explained rather hotly, "I must first of all gain some insight into the cause of your disturbance in order to classify it as a neurosis, psychosis, or

merely an organic illness." Dr. Freudman finished his speech with a great swivel of his chair.

Mrs. Twitch, eyes lowered, mumbled, "Oh."

Dr. Freudman fingered his paperclip chain. "Now with your consent, Mrs. Twitch, I would like to ask you a few questions."

Mrs. Twitch pushed back her bifocals again with gusto. "Shoot! I mean, . . . ah, let's begin?"

Dr. Freudman, who seemed very absorbed in the contents of his desk drawer, started at her sudden exuberant outburst. "Good," he said, "Well, let's begin. Are you married?"

"Well, I was but my husband, Melville, he uh . . . ran off with my cleaning lady last month. The little hussy!" Mrs. Twitch patted her curls again before continuing. "The last I've heard of him was that he opened a shop specializing in personalized bathroom fixtures. Monogrammed toilet seats and other stuff like that!"

Dr. Freudman, busily taking notes, nodded. "Have you any children, Mrs. Twitch?"

A little sparkle came to her eyes and Dr. Freudman noticed how pretty she actually was. "Oh yes," exclaimed Mrs. Twitch, apparently relieved at the change of subject. "Susan, she's my eldest, well, she's married to a chiropractor and they have three darling children and a St. Bernard. Personally, I would never have a St. Bernard because if you ask me, they drool altogether too much! Any how, my middle child is Sydney. He's a poet and a professional bongo player, and my youngest is Shirley. She's working her way through beauty school as a cocktail waitress." Mrs. Twitch paused to adjust the chain on her bifocals. "My goodness, I almost forgot Fifi. She's my French poodle and my only entertainment these days besides *Reader's Digest.* Have you ever done the 'Increase Your Word Power' part? Oh, I just love that!" she bubbled.

Dr. Freudman set down his fountain pen and massaged the bridge of his nose leaving a blue streak. "Yes, I rather enjoy that part myself. Now Mrs. Twitch, do you work and what kinds of hobbies do you have?" questioned the doctor.

Mrs. Twitch removed her bifocals, allowing them to hang by their chain from her neck. "Well, I don't have a regular job," she said. "I guess I'm not ready for all the E.R.A. stuff. But I do go shopping a lot!"

Dr. Freudman stifled a chuckle.

"Fifi adores shopping and she looks positively darling in her little pink sweater with the rhinestone collar." Mrs. Twitch smoothed her skirt down over her knees. "Anyhow, I'm in the quilting circle at my church and president of our Bingo club."

"Tell me, Mrs. Twitch," said Dr. Freudman, "how did you feel about your husband's infidelity?"

Mrs. Twitch, nervous at this touchy subject, straightened up with a start. "His what?" she asked.

Rather impatiently, Dr. Freudman explained. "How did you feel when, um . . . Melville ran off with your cleaning lady?"

"Well naturally," she said curtly, "I was upset. Cleaning ladies aren't easy to replace, you know!"

A far away look came into Dr. Freudman's eyes. "Yes, I know," he said softly. "My wife worked part time as a cleaning lady before she died of oven cleaner inhalation." A tear glistened on his cheek.

Mrs. Twitch's face became a picture of

compassion. "Oh you poor dear! It must have been just awful for you!"

Sobs formed in Dr. Freudman's throat but got no further. Mrs. Twitch walked over to him and offered him a Kleenex. He blew his nose loudly and ran his coat sleeve across his eyes. Mrs. Twitch placed her hand gently on his arm and he looked up at her sheepishly.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Twitch," he said rather shakily. "You won't have to pay for this session."

"Say no more," Mrs. Twitch waved his words away with her hand. "Just because you're a psychiatrist doesn't mean you're not a human with feelings." Mrs. Twitch listened to what she said and marvelled at the words. If anyone had told her that just an hour before she would have laughed in their face. Mrs. Twitch looked at Dr. Freudman carefully, thinking what a pleasant-looking man he was. Nothing like Melville.

Dr. Freudman caught her gaze and they both giggled like naughtly little children.

"You know, Dr. Freudman," said Mrs. Twitch with her eyelids lowered coquettishly.

"Please call me Cyrus."

"Cyrus," she continued, "you know, I just wouldn't feel right if I didn't give you something for your time, and well . . . ah. . . would you like to have dinner at my house some night? You know I read a wonderful recipe about cooking with peanut butter this afternoon," she twirled her bifocals a bit embarrassedly.

Dr. Freudman picked up Mrs. Twitch's chart from his desk and looked at the name before him. "I would be delighted, Edwina!"

Lisa Engstrom
C. M. Russell High School
Great Falls

Cars going by
leaves going down the street
children yelling at each other.
Crooked trees
the leaves are going to get hot lunch
the leaves are going to vote.

Angie Burwell
Fort Benton Elementary
Fort Benton

Cutting blubber
is labor. Labor is unfair.
Unfair is being a teacher.
Being a teacher is
like squishing beetles.

Squishing a beetle is like
erasing your face.

Erasing your old face
is over exaggerating.

Russell Schott
Sunnyside Elementary
Great Falls

I HAD A DOG

I had a dog named Rusty.
He was so musty, he ran
after cars and I ran with him.
He was so old he left
like a whisper with no name.

Gerrie Atwood
Porter Elementary
Missoula

GHOST TOWN

The wind whistles the shutters,
Like the cry of a suffering wolf.
The dust blowing in spirals.
The floors creeking at the slightest pressure
Inside buildings long forgotten.
The saloon doors swing with the wind,
Slamming on the sides.
  Noises echoing
Like the sounds of muffled gunshots.
The windows smashed or broken,
While the curtains billow in the wind
Like so many ghosts dancing.
The jail now only walls of concrete,
With doors rusted off by years
of corrosion.
While in the horizon majestic
rolling hills rise,
Like kings surveying all under them.
An old mine cart, rusted to the rails.
Now the wind dies down,
  darkness creeps over
  the town.
And everything becomes calm.

Todd Sundsted
Plentywood Junior High
Plentywood

CRAB

Crab, crab running across the lagoon,
Running across the bottom of the sea,
Trying to catch a shellfish
Because it loves the meat.
It can hear the sea above,
Roaring over the rocks
And it feels the sand below,
Rushing under its feet.

Bonnie Marsh
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

MY LIFE AS A CROW

Five crows are eating the roads
Some of my friends are eating the roads
Some of my brothers are eating the roads
My father is eating the roads
My mother is eating the roads
But I am left at home eating birdseed.

Scott Blakley
Cornelius Hedges Elementary
Kalispell

A PLACE

Avalanche Creek runs fast
and white. They say if you fall
in you might not ever be found.
The fury of the water
carves the rock.
Avalanche Creek.

Glenn Snyder
Sunburst High School
Sunburst

THE YEARS

The year about to end
Is like a snake creeping in a field
You have no sooner seen it
Than it has half disappeared

Carla Johnson
Ronan High School
Ronan

Recess is a nice break
from school
you can walk
in a mud puddle.

Tammy Satra
Valley View Elementary
Great Falls

My grandmother is just sitting
in her rocking chair and watching people
and cars go by, until the wind came
and blew her away.

May Vu Vang
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

A PRIVATE MOMENT

One day when I was about four
me and my mom went to the laundry mat.
While she was washing clothes
I climbed the flag pole in front.
My mom tried to talk me down
and after a while
when I got tired
I came down
and tried to forget what happened
after I came down.

Bobby Brieske
Meadow Hill Elementary
Missoula

Today, Jan was glad that she was bringing home her boyfriend to see her father.

Harold looked around and stumbled. He was chubby and wasn't very good looking. He was only eighteen.

Jan was skinny, and she had long black shiny hair that hung past her shoulders.

Harold heard something. "What was that?" he asked.

"Probably just my cat," Jan replied.

Just then a man came down the stairs and was dressed in black with blood stains all over him.

"Who are you?" Jan screamed in horror.

The man had an axe in his hand and threw it. It cut Harold's head off.

"Who are you?" she asked. "What do you want?"

He just kept coming at her. When he got close enough, she grabbed a sledge hammer that was by the back door. When he got closer, she hit him in the chest. He just kept coming. She hit him in the head with a bone splintering crack. Blood oozed out of his skull. Then she hit him in the back which was the final blow.

Just then her father came down the stairs and said, "I want to suck your blood."

"What is wrong with you?" she asked.

She grabbed the axe and swung it madly up the stairs. She cut him in half. Jan screamed in delight. As she was going back down the stairs, she tripped on the skate she had left there last night. She was knocked unconscious.

When she woke up, she was in a strange room. A man was there and had a long black cape draped over his shoulders. The room was nice, but it wasn't her style.

"What am I doing here?" she asked.

He said, "I'm going to make everyone in America my slaves. I have turned you into a beautiful maiden and want you to be my bride," he said.

She looked in the mirror and saw that she was truly good looking. It was awfully tempting to marry him because she had been ugly for seventeen years.

"If I stay here with you, will I always stay looking this way?" she asked.

"Yes, but you will get everything you always wanted and will be beautiful," he said.

"Will I have to be a vampire?" she asked.

"Yes, but you will get to live and be the queen of the world," he said.

"But why do I have to be a vampire for?" she asked.

He said, "Because I said so, and I'm the boss!"

She knew there wasn't a chance in the world of escaping, so she asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Count Dracula," he said with a smile like a chicken.

"Will you tell me where I am?" asked Jan.

"You are in Mississippi," he said.

Her home was in Georgia, but she knew she couldn't go back after the horrifying experience.

"Why was that man at my house," she said, "and what did you do to my father?"

"I turned him into a vampire, but you killed him," he said.

"But he was going to kill me unless I killed him, or at least disabled him." she said.

"Well how did I get here?" she asked.

"A car was waiting for you, and you were driven here in a hearse," he said.

"Oh, thrilling," she said.

"What do you mean, thrilling?" he asked.

"Nothing, you wouldn't understand. You are just too dumb," she said.

"What's that mean?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

Suddenly she grabbed a candelabra and clubbed him on top of the head. Jan ran out of the castle to the highway and got into a truck. The trucker heard on the radio that the castle had mysteriously disappeared.

"Did you hear that there message?" the trucker said.

"I don't even want to remember," she said.

She looked in the side mirror and saw she was the same as she used to be, and for once, she was glad.

Jeff McFarland
Rapelje Public School
Rapelje

When you were so little tomato, you were
very, very bad. You squeezed the cabbage and
cried mama, and you got so hungry you ate
the lettuce, every bit of it. That's when you
got sick. You turned red, and when you died mother
squeezed you and made tomato juice out of you.
I hated to do that, but then, I had a strawberry
tree and your brother kept eating them,
and we didn't have any for strawberry mush.
You were a bad tomato.

Jami Bourle
Wilson Elementary
Bozeman

SWIMMING

I went to the ocean and swam.
I swam as good as a fish.
My dad grinned as wide as a snowfall.
My mom laughed a hyena laugh,
and they all cheered
a football stadium cheer.

John Galland
Central Elementary
Missoula

THE PEDALING CLOCK

I used to think a clock was run by a lot
of little men inside.
Then I grew a little smarter, and knew that it was
little women inside.
A few years later, I took one apart and found
no men or women.

I was disgusted.

Billy Amos
Lowell Elementary
Missoula

HUNTING

The strike of light
on the tip of the mountain
as the shrill tip of a horn
appears on the hillside,
as the tip of my gun
raises and the boom
of fire comes from the gun.
The tip of the horn
disappears in the sunlight.

Ray Lindlsey
Dickinson Elementary
Missoula

CONFUSED

I seem confused,
I'm running out of space!
I'm in a maze no one ever escapes!
I cry down the corridor.
Help, help I need help!
I'm stuck in a bottle
running out of air.
I cry out
but no one is there!
I feel like salami
squashed between bread,
I feel like my brain is too big
for my head!
I feel hot and just plain
confused.
I feel like there will never be any
good news.

Kim Kempfert
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

Having beautiful skin that shines like silk
Often makes the sun shine more.
Running through fields is even more beautiful.
So is seeing their long legs go through thick grass.
Even when you wish he was yours.

Tina Morrow
Two Eagle River School
Dixon

The black spot is on the ground
little yellow hats
with men connected to them
come out.
Cars go whizzing past
men with little
yellow hats
are workmen
fixing pipes
under the street.

Karen Greytak
Valley View Elementary
Great Falls

ALONE IN A WHITE WILDERNESS

I layed down
on a bed of dried leaves
and looked beyond my place
the white delicate flakes
drifted to the ground
one rabbit scurried by
and disappeared
behind a tree.
In this world
all seemed silent
except for the leaves under me
that crunched
when I snuggled
down to sleep.

Meg Bowman
Ronan High School
Ronan

MARCH SONGS

I see the cloud drift on by,
like an angry lost hawk in the blue.
White as a sheet
and pale as a ghost.
Sad and slow like a harp out of tune.

Daryl Richardson
Cornelius Hedges Elementary
Kalispell

MY GRANDMOTHER IS DEAD

My Great Grandmother is
dead.
She died quite a long time ago.
She was trying to help push
a tractor out
and she slipped and went
under.
My Grandpa married another
lady
And now when I talk to my
mom about her
She always says, "Don't talk
about her in front of Grandma."
And I always ask, "Why."
And she never gives
me an answer.

Shontelle Olson
Sunnyside Elementary
Great Falls

DREAMS

The sound of the surf
leaving in its wake
an echo of an echo,
a dream of recovering,
and of remembering yourself.

Wayne Rhoades
Central Elementary
Missoula

WIND AND WILLOWS

They blow in the wind with a sigh.
I grab them up and put them
down. I see them, but don't feel
sad. I see the day I'm going to have.
I see a face smile at me. I smile
back. I see a day go by me, but
I can see why I cry. In a day,
I'll get over it. I don't see the wind
but I see the willows there,
all puffed up though there are no thorns.
They don't hurt me, instead
they tickle me. I'll never know what will
happen to the willows. They are
so kind.

Shannon Subo
Meadowlark Elementary
Great Falls

THE RUNAWAY

As I sit on the shore
listening to the waves,
I hear the gulls
laughing at me
as if I were a joke.

The wind,
soft as a whisper,
gentle on my neck,
is calling my name.

The sun
rising above the waves
is staring at me
like a private eye spying on a criminal.

Then,
the wind calls me once more.
Only, this time,
it's my mother sobbing,
calling me back home.

I try to think of the waves,
of their final beauty.
It doesn't work.
I think my mother,
family,
and home.

I slowly rise,
leave,
take the same road
home.

Michelle Friedrichs
Central Elementary
Missoula

DEATH SONG

Hear me, Great Spirit.
I grow old and weak.
My eyes are like the dying coals
of my fire. My heart is tired
and sick. The buffalo no longer
roam the plains as they did
when peace was everywhere.
Hear me, O Great Spirit.
May I come to you
with my head held high
like the sweetgrass blowing in the wind.
May you take pity on my spirit,
O Great Spirit, as I sing
my death song.
I hear your voice echo
across the great plains
like the thundering hooves of buffalo,
as I ready myself for the long journey
to your lodge in the sky
which glows like the glittering lake
in the fiery sunset.

O Great Spirit, I am ready.
As I bid farewell to my people
I can see your face across the plains.
When I lay down I hear your voice
call out my name.

Larry Crawford
Pikuni Community School
Browning

TENOR SAXOPHONE

Long and shiny, big and bold
is what makes you different.
Hours and hours of hard work is what
I do for you.
Buttons of worry on your base
gleam like a flame.
You sound like a foghorn
in the morning mist.
If you were not
I wouldn't have you.

Dahnesh Medora
Paxson Elementary
Missoula

LOYD

I sit with him
at the table,
while he smokes
his dusty old pipe,
while he tells me
a story or two.

Well old grandpa Loyd
is about out of time,
so I'm ready
to see him again.

Joe Du Fresne
Graff Elementary
Laurel

SPRING

Spring is here but are we
good and share the people
please stay in home
and each other share
our thoughts and sing our songs
and eat our dinner and sing
our thoughts and sing our song.

Glen Swanson
Sunburst Elementary
Sunburst

MY FATHER

As the stairs end,
I hear the tapping
of the electric typewriter.
The dog crosses the room
as a black shadow
and is finally visible against
the white couch.
I near the green door.
The smell of incense
burns my nostrils, and the tapping
haunts me.
I enter the room and smile.
The blank face looks up,
surrounded by dark waves of hair.
The mouth moves and
a row of pearly teeth
jumps up and down.

"Dump the garbage," it says.

I frown, and leave
the room. I run away
from the perpetual
tapping.

Todd Wallace
Paxson Elementary
Missoula

It was a day of
Glory and Beauty when
my little brother was
born and healthy as could
be, except for one thing. He
was born without
a heartbeat. They put
him on a respirator
for ten minutes, but nothing
happened.
The doc said one
more minute until
we take him off
the respirator, and then
it happened.
He started breathing
normally, and he was
going to be
my brother.

Tim Cannon
Lewis and Clark Elementary
Missoula

I was riding a polar bear
he bucked me off
I got back on he bucked
me off again
so I had to tie myself on
the polar bear tried to get
me off but he couldn't do it
so then we were friends.

Travis Machado
Potomac School
Potomac

A PENCIL WALK

A pencil at my house walks around and writes
letters on the doors. One night I got up and I
saw fifteen pencils writing notes. I walked
in very quietly and caught three of them.

Phillip Swenson
Whittier Elementary
Bozeman

WIPING THE TEARS

When I get mad I go into my treehouse
and listen
and I hear birds and they sound
like a multitude of angels
and it is sweet as mountain water
and I laugh and wipe the tears off
my face

Eric Rippe
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

THE CARIBBEAN

I went to the Caribbean last summer
I was nine. I got in the water.
As I walked out further and further
the sand turned into slime.
And I ran hard in water
back to shore.

Voss Sartain
Hawthorne Elementary
Bozeman

EVERYTHING LIKE YOU WANT

In the blue lake
under my house
the clock looks like a face
with numbers on it,
in the dark night forbidding.
A foot like a ski pole
long and smooth.
The snow like feathers
falling down and down.
The book like a face
when you open it. It tells you all you want.
A computer like your mind
thinking and yet not thinking.
The wind is like a voice
sometimes talking in the night.
In the blue lake
under my house
everything is like you want.

Sheri Iverson
Lake School
Medicine Lake

THE BLUE MAN

Two kids were walking down the street. They looked to the right. They saw a guy that is covered by coats and is walking down the street and goes into a hotel and rents a room. That night the guys room light was going off and on. It was strange. It looked like he was getting energy from the light. The two kids Susan and Paul went in the hotel and rented a room across from the guy. Susan and Paul listened, they heard a cat like sound. All of the sudden, they opened the guys room door. They looked in the corner. They saw a guy. He was Blue and he ran, and turned off the light and jumped out the window and ran. Susan and Paul ran after him. Susan said, "I'm scared Paul". Paul stop running. What? "I'm scared", said Susan "He's Blue"! said Paul.

One day when Paul's mother was driving around with Susan and Paul, and they saw this car that was going about a 100 miles an hour. All of the sudden the car hit a bump in the road. The car crashed.
Their he was the Blue Man, DEAD.
Paul's mother brang the Blue Man to the hospital.
The doctor said, "he's a humanbeang".
The off and on light was what made him "BLUE".

THE END

PART 2

THE BLUE MAN

That day Pauls mother and the doctor took the Blue Man to the mountions and they buried him. Four weeks later Susan thought she saw him in the park she ran to Paul. Susan said, "I saw the Blue Man", Are you sure he got killed four weeks ago? That is what's strange said Susan. Let's tell mom. Mom, Susan said she saw the Blue Man who got killed four weeks ago. Mother said, "you're just day dreaming Susan. One day Paul was picking worms, because he was going fishing with his friends. He was going back to the house when he heard that cat like sound. He looked, there he was the Blue Man. Who are you? said Paul. I am Zine he said. Aren't you dead? said Paul. "No" I will not die on earth I'm from the planet Feton your doctor thought I was a humanbein but, I am not. And the off and on light is not what made me Blue, I do not know what made me Blue.

THE END . . .

PART 3

THE BLUE MAN

Why are you here? said Paul. I will not tell you but, some day I will very soon. I will have to go now. Paul ran to the house and said, "I saw the Blue Man, he talked to me he told me his name it's Zine he comes from the planet Feton. He talked to me for a while. "Now both of you are daydreaming", said Paul's mother. Next day Paul went fishing with his friends John and Dan. They caught eight fish and boy were they BIG. They were going back to the car. Dan looked behind him, their was the Blue Man. Paul said, "he will not hurt you". The Blue Man said, "I will tell you why I am on this earth. . ."What is going on Paul"? said Dan. John and Dan this is Zine from the planet Feton. He was killed five weeks ago, but he can't die on earth. Last night I met him when I was picking worms. Now he's going to tell me why he's on this earth. Zine said, "Paul I'm on this earth because, my people are dieing and I have to get

energy for my people. I promise I will return the energy when I am done please do not tell anyone. "We will not", said Paul, "Thank you", said Zine. Thank you said the boys.

One day Paul saw something shiny in the sky it was going higher and higher and higher into space. Ever since then Susan and Paul never saw the Blue Man again.

THE END

David Schmid
Roosevelt School
Missoula

THE STRANGE MEADOW

In the luscious green forest, in a meadow,
where the little people live in peace,
the sun beats down in a bright ray of yellow.
Here's where the deer stand so humble.
Then the moon overcomes the sun
and day turns to night. Then I saw
an unusual sight: The lovely people
went to sleep on toasters.

Rob Cummins
Frenchtown Elementary
Frenchtown

THE HUNTERS

The echo of the wind
As it falls through the trees
Pushes us slowly off the mountain.
The sun behind glows in gold and ruby.
The shimmering rays reflect
Our blood-soaked hands,
A reference to the events of the day,
Keep our bodies moving,
Our prize close to us,
Smelling of death.
The blood-caked fur
dried and crusted,
strangely makes our hearts
pound with a common blood.

Ron Shaw
Whitehall Public School
Whitehall

ME AND TAMMY 1

As we sit and talk her cigarette
burns away.
The smell is something fierce
and undelightful.
So I plug my nose and turn
my head.
But when she asks me what's wrong
I say nothing.
When it's time for supper
She makes all kinds of good food
and after supper we make
cookies and fudge.
I like it when I can't sleep at night
because I get up and we
sit out on her porch swing.
The next day I go home. We say
good-bye when my dad comes.
And she says see ya next time Tammy 2.
She looks so peaceful as we drive away
I want to just reach out
and grab her.

Tammy Frickel
West Elementary
Laurel

LUNGS

Dark, mysterious and very strange, they
feel very insecure because everyone talks about them.
When I was little, my mother would always
tell me to "quit hollering at the top of your lungs,"
and I pictured someone standing on a purple
mountain, smooth and shiny. And there was a yellow
light coming from behind the mountain. It was
dim, and the person was a silhouette.

Tom Buchkolz
Antelope Junior High
Antelope

My ear grows big and listens.
It hears ducks quacking, and rocks
dropping into a stream.
The ear now grows wide.
It jumps into the ocean, and swims to China
As I ride on it.
Underneath, it can hear the fish swimming
And starfish grazing the water prairies.
Sightseer crabs walk along the ocean highways.
My ear arrives in China
And shrinks back to normal size.
It hears many things on its stay.
It hears people laughing and talking
In their strange language.
Suddenly my ear becomes a sail
And blows me back home.

Gordon Lawson
South Elementary
Laurel

Dear Paula, I sometimes think if it keeps
on snowing it will be three feet deep. I'm
in a world of whiteness, are you? Thousands
of white crystal chips on each pine tree.
The only other color is black-gray smoke,
coming from the chimneys. Brandy must be
pretty, red against the whiteness. Elegance
is his forever. Hope to see you soon, your
friend, Tammy. P.S. I have a dog named Fonz
black against white. Can't lose him.

Tammy Wood
Whittier Elementary
Missoula

PLAYGROUND

The wind is blowing the strands of hair
on top of my head. The atmosphere smells
as stale as a barnyard. The wind brings
a sour taste of awkwardness to my throat.
The sky is darkening and kids are swinging
like we did years ago. I feel the feeling
of being a little late.

Charles Knipe
Outlook High School
Outlook

THE WINDOW

As I looked through the window
frosted with gray and silver
I could smell the coffee perking
as my father stoked the stove
with logs I had cut for him
and through the window
I could see the mountain
rising into the mist
as far as I could see

Lowell Weidman
Whitehall Public School
Whitehall

THE TRAITOR

I remember when I was in the first grade
the teacher dropped the flag on the ground.
Next day, a guy came from the army
and we had a ceremony burning the flag.
None of us understood what was happening
so we all thought the guy from the army
was a traitor. That made us distrustful
of our teacher.

Gary Greytak
Hingham High School
Hingham

DAD SMOKING

Puffing slowly, clouds
of smoke float through the air.
The scent of burning wood,
the slow crackle of wood on fire
in a world of imagination,
still as death.

Vernon Southerland
South Elementary
Laurel

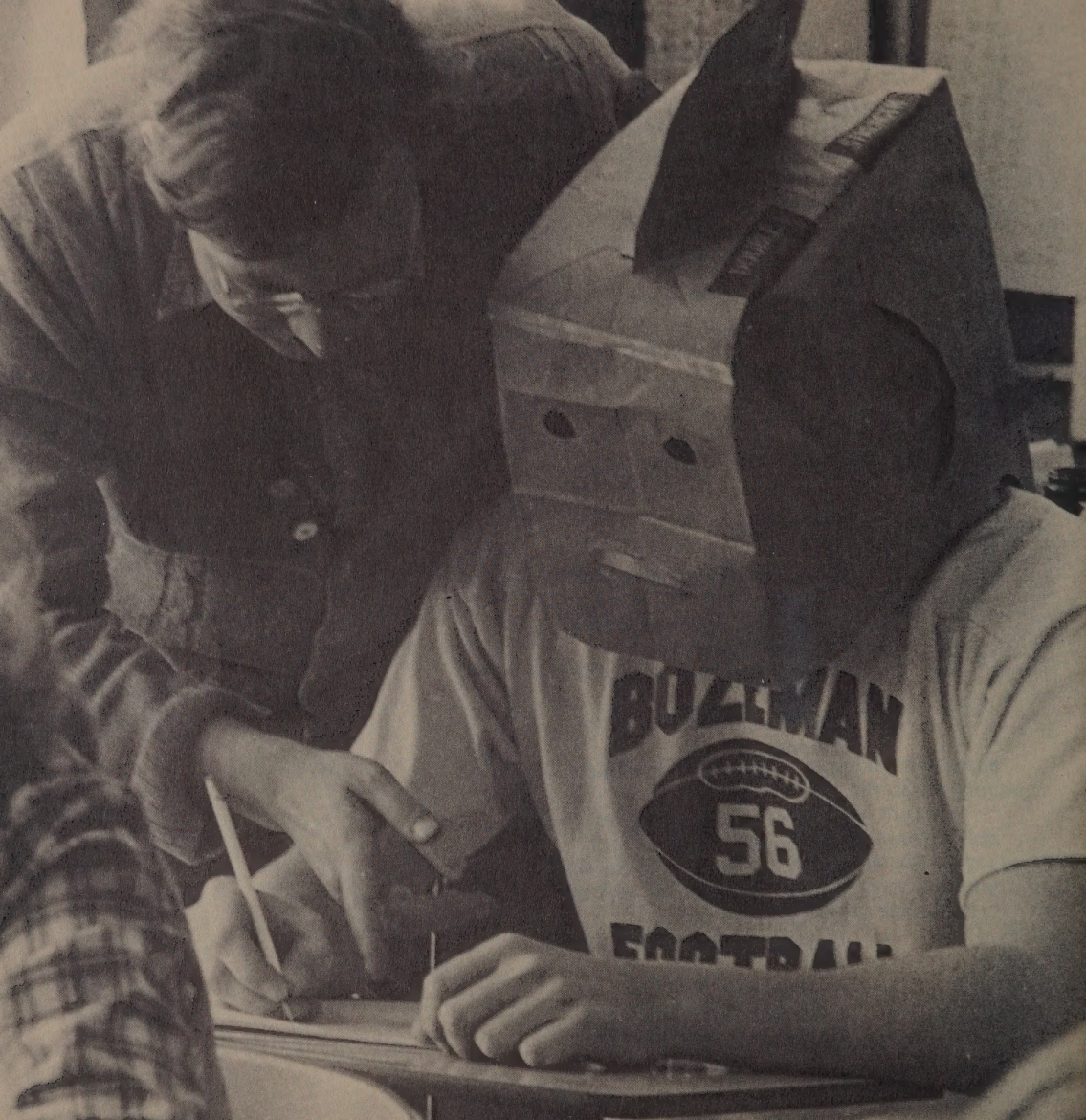
ECLIPSE

The waves were pounding against my small boat,
Dark,
The sky was slowly darkening,
Dark just after dawn,
Silent, it was silent, except for the waves.

Then it happened, the sun
Disappeared,
Blue, blue as the blue of night.

My hands froze stiff against the oars.
What would happen to me?
Would I be pulled into the sky?
A beam of sun slowly appeared,
My hands felt warm,
And light began to flood the sea.

Pam Peterson
Lewis and Clark Elementary
Missoula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Bike of knowledge feels like
It rides like a butterfly jumping.
Kiss the birds flying high in the blue sky.
Energy.

Mitch Sorrell
Two Eagle River School
Dixon

ALMOST

I'm almost finished with math.
Numbers are dancing still.
4x8 and 41x83 broke their necks
and Mr. Bird took away 60x2.
Three big problems are gone.
Four more problems dancing still - -
40x30 drank too much punch.
Poor 80x60 got sick of cake.
70x42 fell down the stairs,
and 60x60
fell to sleep.
No more math
to dance.

Greg Kaurin
Valley View Elementary
Great Falls

Princesses are
Always quiet.
Men have
Endless
Love for them.
And they shall marry later.

Pamela Wilson
Cold Springs Elementary
Missoula

Giant bear tearing water
in a place forgotten
where no one goes, where I
know I can show something
that I may be known.

Misty Rae Roberts
Beaver Dam Elementary
Anaconda

THE SHIRT THAT CAME TOGETHER AFTER THE ACCIDENT

Hear the song of the machine
stitching a metallic moan
up the split seam of the torn
apart red-checkered shirt.
My foot down on the pedal
to the floor like the twenty-one year old
whose car wheels sang as they sailed.
Here my machine gathered the gap
and cornered one front piece to the back
one arm section to another.
In time I remembered the safety pins.
While the boy braked into the roads last rejection;
I back-stitched one speeding moment
to certain the thread,
but he flew on.

June B. Safford, Teacher
Bozeman Senior High School
Bozeman

THE WORTH OF A CHAMPION

As the truck pulled into the driveway, Kelly decided to break the silence that hung over the evening. It was like the calm before the storm. Don felt it growing, too. He took off the wide brimmed hat he wore and slouched down in the seat as if settling down to take a nap.

"You know, I really don't understand you. Last time we talked, you were all for me going. If you believed I had a chance at the title, why have you suddenly changed your mind?" Her voice was low and questioning as she spoke. She began to fondle the clip that held her mittens together.

Don sighed and began what he knew could very well send Kelly's short temper flaring. "Last time we talked, you weren't talking about European competition." He leaned back and stretched his legs out. "Nationals are one thing, the world is another."

Kelly threw the mittens down on the floor board. She turned sharply to look at him and a lock of her dark brown hair fell in her eye. Half annoyed, she swatted at the piece of hair and snapped, "You're jealous! That's what you are. Jealous."

A sparkle came to Don's brown eyes. He was amused but his amusement soon changed to hurt as Kelly continued.

"You're afraid a world class skier can't match up with a flat broke cowboy. I've got a chance you'll never have and you can't stand it!"

He sat up and turned to look at her. "Call me what you like but the reason you're so upset is because you're scared you can't cut the competition!" he drawled. "Listen Missy, don't preach to me about advantages and chances. I've been to Oklahoma City twice and everybody there knows my name."

He slouched down again and stared out into the sky. "Let me tell you how I know I'm so good. I'm never afraid in an arena like you are on your down-hill course." He touched the huge buckle he had won last year and proceeded. "That's the mark of a champion. They're never afraid of anything. Especially not themselves."

Now Kelly reached the boiling point. Her fists were clenched and her dark complected face was scarlet red. "I've been waiting to say this for a long time!" she hissed. "I've never complained about your stinking rodeos even though I hated them."

"Just remember that nobody dragged you kicking and screaming to those rodeos. Nobody forced you to breathe the stinking air either!" The amused sparkle returned to Don's eyes.

"You're beginning to make me sick!" Kelly screamed. "I'm going whether you like it or not." She crossed her arms determinedly and turned towards the window.

Now Don's temper, that rarely showed, began to surface. "Go. I'm not going with you and I won't be here when you get back. Go to Vail. Go all the way to Austria. And while you're there, I'll be in Oklahoma City, making a name for myself. With or without you."

Kelly picked up her mittens and began playing with the clip again. "That's the way you want it, huh? All by yourself?" she asked.

"That's not the way I want it but you're calling the shots. You know I won't be by

myself for very long." Almost regretting what he had said, he closed his eyes and prepared for the earthquake.

"Well, neither will I!" she exploded. She jumped sideways to face him bitterly. "I have just as good a chance of finding someone else as you do. Maybe better because I don't smell like a Brahma!"

Tired of fighting, Don turned to face Kelly. Almost pleadingly, he explained, "Can't you see? Your whole life is based on Kelly, her skiing and her success. There isn't time to spend on anyone else. Anyone but Kelly." His voice now grew stern and cold. "Nobody is dumb enough to take a back seat to a pair of Heads. Nobody but me. So when I leave, you're on your own."

Kelly refused to back down so she decided to attack again. "And do you think anyone will waste time with you? Ha! That's a joke!" she scoffed.

Don again turned toward the sky. His temper was back into hiding by then and he decided to make his last stand. "Listen Kel. What I'm trying to say is that I have more things in my life than my career. If I don't have time for everything, I make time. Time for my friends and family and you." He secured the hat back on his head, gripped the steering wheel and looked at Kelly. "Now, I see you don't need me or my time."

There was a long silence. They sat there looking at each other. Finally, Don reached down and started the truck. He spoke softly yet clearly. "Let's not make matters worse by dragging this out. The only thing I can say is good-by and good luck."

When Kelly reached the door of her room, she grabbed the handle and rested her head against the door. A tear splashed onto the big brass knob. She lazily smeared it around with her forefinger. There was a terrible knot in the bottom of her stomach. Her mind raced madly. "Why was he so stubborn? Why did he leave me? He knows he can't make it without me."

Suddenly, as if she was startled, she lifted her head and sniffed. She opened the door and flicked on her light. Everything she saw reminded her of Don. As she turned to get her pajamas from under her pillow, she found herself face to face with a four by five poster of Don taken in Oklahoma City from the previous year. The bull he was riding was in a full spin to the left. Don's form was perfect. His left hand was high in the air and his legs were slightly bent. His whole body leaned into the left and on his handsome face was a look of determination. Tears sprang to Kelly's eyes again as she put on her pajamas.

She stood gazing at the poster for a minute, then she hastily turned to face her large mirror. On her dresser laid an airplane ticket. She snatched the ticket up and read the print that was smeared by another stray tear.

Destination: Vail, Colorado
Date: December 18
Time of Departure: 5:00 A.M.

She looked at her clock on the night stand. It was 3:00 in the morning. Her plane left in two hours and Kelly had not yet begun to pack. In her heated discussion with Don, the time had completely slipped her mind.

She began to pack madly. As she reached for a suitcase, she suddenly froze. There, on the floor of her closet, sat a pair of scratched, muddy bull spurs. She lightly picked them up and turned the rasps. The spurs jingled, as they had when Don wore them last. Kelly remembered how Don had worn them at the National Finals two years ago, and he had

given them to her as a reminder of his first ride at the Finals.

She gingerly laid them back to their previous resting place. "That time is over now," she said to herself as she hoisted the suitcase onto her bed.

The plane arrived in Vail around 9:00 A.M. As Kelly entered the airport terminal, she realized she was, for the first time, totally alone. No matter how she tried, her thoughts always drifted back to Don. She was, however, very thankful that the tears had finally stopped.

"This is your day, Kelly, my dear!" she declared. "No one's gonna ruin it. Do you hear me. No one."

"Miss? Miss, your luggage." A young man dressed in a red suit stood behind her. He was loaded down with her brown suitcase, and her ski equipment. The look of pain in his eyes begged Kelly to make her decisions quickly.

"Oh. I'm sorry. There's a cab waiting for me. Would you mind helping me?" Kelly winked appreciatively and relieved him of the suitcase.

"Sure, Miss." the young man replied shyly. By then, he was blushing a shade of light red. He then began to make his way toward the main doors.

Inside the cab, Kelly glanced at her watch. Her first run was not for another three hours. She had plenty of time to grab a quick meal at the hotel and then hit the slopes. All of a sudden she thought about Oklahoma. Nationals started the next day. She tossed her head carelessly and thought "Who cares, Kelly? Certainly not you!"

The next three days held nothing but loneliness and hard work for Kelly. She had qualified for the finals that started on the fourth and final day.

It was then Tuesday morning and Kelly's alarm went off as planned. She awoke with a start. The night had held little rest for her. Her sleep had been plagued with wicked dreams that caused her to cry out once during the night.

The first dream was very vivid and very real. She was on her last run for the championship. The gate had opened and she flung herself down the slope. She could feel the wind in her face and the cold on her body. Her skis cut the snow at a hazardously fast speed. Faces of people flew by as she sped down the course. Suddenly, the binding on her left ski broke. The ski snapped in half like a toothpick. Her body flung wildly down the hill. She rolled and lurched and her head spun wildly. Finally, her bent and twisted body came to rest at the bottom of the hill. She could hear the voices of medics and officials around her. One man, a course judge, spoke quickly and worriedly, "Contact her friends or family!" Someone else spoke drily, "She doesn't have anyone . . . "

She woke up with tears streaming down her face. The dream was so real! She got up and walked over to where her skis were resting against the closet door. They appeared to be intact but Kelly still examined them carefully. She touched every part of her bindings. The skis were in perfect shape. Ready for the final test in the morning.

Satisfied with her skis, Kelly returned to bed and fell asleep quickly, only to be thrust into another dream more terrifying than the first.

She was sitting in the hotel restaurant waiting for her morning coffee. The man sitting at the next table was reading the sports page of a local newspaper. The urge to read the current standings from Oklahoma City

overpowered her. She politely asked the man if she could read the paper as soon as he was done.

"Sure thing, Ma'am." He handed her the paper. She turned to the sports section and began to read the "Oklahoma Standings". Her eyes widened at the sight of the headlines.

"FATAL ACCIDENT PLAGUES NATIONAL RODEO FINALS"

Uncertain of the article, Kelly read on. "Bull riders take their chances everytime they ride and such was the story of Don Casey. Casey was killed last night on a bull called Hang and Rattle."

Kelly screamed, "No! No! Don can't be dead!"

Awakened by her own crying, Kelly rose and walked stiffly into the bathroom. Her face was wet and pale. Her hair hung straightly around her face. She looked meanly at her image in the mirror. "You fool!" she said harshly.

The day was clear and there was no wind. Kelly had forgotten her dreams from the troubled night before. She was dressed in a tight fitting downhill jumper. It was black with yellow and red stripes that encircled her arms. The outfit matched her skis and boots.

She heard her name announced over the loud speaker. "Oh boy. It's time to do your stuff, Kel." she said reassuringly to herself. As she began the slow ride up the chair lift, the dream about Don crept back into her mind. She thought about what her world would be without Don. It didn't occur to her that she was already without Don.

She reached the top of the course and slowly got off the lift. Her skis were waiting for her at the top. She stepped into the skis and tightened the safety strap. With help from the surrounding skiers, she made her way to the gate. She reached up and pulled her goggles tightly over her eyes. The hill seemed steeper than it ever had before.

Suddenly, as if someone had slapped her in the face, she stopped and gripped her poles. She was almost at the gate when it came to her that no one waited for her at the bottom. Without Don there, Kelly Davis was just another skier, another person. Alone.

Lying was not one of Kelly's strong points but this time it came easy. Making it appear to be a dislocated knee, she fell awkwardly. Officials flocked around her as she clutched her knee with false pain. It was evident to everyone that Kelly was not able to complete her final run. Her chance had gone. She had let it slip through her fingers.

After she had made her way down the hill, still clutching her knee, she called a cab to take her back to the hotel. Once in the cab, Kelly hurriedly gave the driver instructions to wait outside the hotel. She ran up the stairs and changed into a comfortable pair of jeans. "Oklahoma City is a long plane ride from Vail!" she exclaimed as she threw her belongings into the suitcase.

She arrived in Oklahoma City just as the last session of the rodeo began. By the time Kelly reached the grounds, there were two events left before bull riding. She ran to the chutes, still carrying her suitcase.

Don was warming up with some other cowboys when he spotted her. He gazed at her for a minute with a puzzled yet happy look on his face.

She walked over to where he stood, fighting off the urge to run over to him and tell him how she felt, but she figured that she had come more than half way and it

was Don's turn now. He winked at her and reached into his pocket and handed her a ticket for a box seat in the grandstand.

"I've been saving it, hoping you would be here to use them. We'll talk after my ride" he said drily. "Kel?"

She turned to look at him with happy tears filling her eyes.

"I love you very, very much. Do you thnk we can work it out so that we'll never be without each other again?" Now, Don's eyes began to fill with the tears that he had been fighting off since Kelly had arrived.

She dropped her suitcase and ran to him. Nothing would ever come between them again she thought. Don's strong arms encircled Kelly like a strong iron band and for the first time since she had last seen Don, she felt safe, secure and needed. She broke away hurriedly and said reassuringly, "Tear the hide off that damn bull!"

Kelly made her way up the stands. When she found her seat, she sat her suitcase down and dried her eyes. She had learned about love, loneliness, and most of all, the worth of a champion, in one short week.

Just then, the chute opened and Don's bull lurched into the arena. The bull was in a full spin. A spin to the left.

Leta Tietema
C.M. Russell High School
Great Falls

I FELT FREE

Where are you going?
my mother asked me.
I told her
a place where I could be alone.
I went for a walk,
I heard the birds
singing in the trees
and a creek running nearby.
I really felt free.
There went two deer
grazing down the slope
I followed.
They didn't notice me.
They went into the timber.
It was thick,
so I let them be.
There is a squirrel
gathering pine cones.
He was hiding them so well,
I felt free.
Here it is, the ponds
This is where I want to be alone.
I sat on a stump.
In the pond was a beaver
bringing twigs
to his dam.
Fall must be coming
for the cottonwood leaves
are starting to turn
and I feel free.

Shawn Hansen
Deer Lodge Jr. High
Deer Lodge

THE PORCUPINE

The porcupine escaped me
making off
in the dead of night.
He'll come back in
the morning,
I said, it's time for me
to go to bed.
I'm tired and
I'm pooped, I said,
all he wanted was
to be fed.
As I woke up early,
I looked up and
saw the porcupine
lying DEAD!
I saw the
blood making its way
through the wounds
and onto the
dirt.
They had rattled
its neck and
clawed its hide.
They had left it
on its bed of
pine needles to die.

Cha-Cha Paynick
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

Crazy everyone is crazy
we all laugh at one another
crazy as the bird in the sky
crazy as the cat in the sky.

Deeanna Gaines
Bozeman Sr. High School
Bozeman

THE CLOCK MY UNCLE GAVE ME BEFORE HE DIED

Lying here in this wobbly bed of mine,
Thinking of the things that happened today;
On my dresser there's an old, beautiful clock
That hums the time when it comes.
I wonder how wonderful it would be
If I could be in that old, beautiful clock
Humming the beautiful tune it sings.

Bonnie Bruun
Jefferson Elementary
Missoula

DEAR GRANDPA

I can see you in my mind
but for real I can't see you.
On the outside you're coming,
on the inside, you're not.
Grandma's really sad.
When we go water, she cries.
I'm sad, too.
I remember when we cleaned out the basement,
when I fell in the old toilet
and couldn't get out.
Oh grandpa, goodbye.

Jackie Houk
Washington Elementary
Missoula

AUTUMN

Leaves turning yellow and red,
And falling off the trees,
Bears curling up in their beds
To get their winter's sleep.

Chipmunks in a happy mood,
Scampering this way and that,
Gathering their winter food.

Geese flying overhead in the shape of a "V",
Beginning a journey that I'll never see,
Flying down south to the borders below,
Always knowing where they will go.

The violent wind is starting to blow,
Whipping and howling along the road,
Thrashing the branches of rotted old trees,
Thrashing like mad stinger bees.

The pine needles are crisp and green,
The sky is like a silver screen,
Covered by clouds scattered here and there,
Like a picture in the air.

Lisa Lidahl
Plentywood Elementary
Plentywood

My special place is in
the fort, in the forest
and I play wild horses
there, I play with my
friends Heidi and Tim
and sometimes we go
hunting in the junkpile
to find bowls and cups.

Corrina Lynn Voigt
Potomac School
Potomac

He is poor. He wears
a cloth over his head
because the wind blows
cold in his face.
He has a beard with
a lot of fleas crawling
in the hair. I walked
past him, he grabbed me
and asked, "Why do you live?"

Mark Wilkinson
Crow Agency Public School
Crow Agency

MOUNTAIN

I would be hiked on.
I would make volcanoes.
I would flood people
And make the rocks slide.
I would hate wood choppers
And would send up trees like rockets.
People would dig holes in me,
And I would kill them.

Brad Davis
Dwyer Elementary
Anaconda

SOUNDLESS DAY

In my yard
I lie soundless.
My dog catches bumblebees.
In my yard
birds fly and tease my dog.
Some throw plums.
The sun starts to set,
my dog is hungry.
It gets a little darker.
Half of the sun is showing.
The stars rise one by one.
The trees start to fade.
Soon it is black.
I stay all night.
The sun starts to rise.

Naomi DeMarinis
Prescott Elementary
Missoula

THE CITY

The city sleeps,
As the sun sets.
The snow topped mountains
Are its guard.
The fog hangs low,
And the trees
Wave in the breeze.
The train in the distance
Yells out its cry.
The rain is falling,
Making everything wet.
The river is rippling,
As the barge fights
To make it to shore.

Lynette Nistler
Plentywood Elementary
Plentywood

DREAM HORSE

Every time I go to bed
he's there.
Magnificent to look at
Awesome to look at because he's
Proud, fierce, wild, yet somehow gentle.
A gentle breeze toying with his creamy
mane and tail.
His great glittering eyes looking deep
into mine,
Then as if a secret but very quiet
Understanding has passed between us,
He turns his great tawny body around
and slowly walks away,
And as he walks he slowly fades. . .

Corianne Clark
Cornelius Hedges Elementary
Kalispell

THE RABBIT

I remember when I was little, we lived by some
Mexicans, they were really mean. They caught
this rabbit and skinned it in front of my sisters
and me. They told us if we didn't climb the pole
to the swing, they would do the same to us.
We climbed it all right, and all of us
can still climb poles really good today.

Darla Meidinger
Dawson County High School
Glendive

In this photo
my grandfather watches the clock
but he is blind
and he can only imagine the hands moving.
My grandmother doesn't like him to think of hands
because he doesn't have any.

Randy Frye
Seeley-Swan High School
Seeley Lake

As the golden sun
Came to meet the horizon,
They heard moaning in the distance.
They walked on thinking it was the wind.
But it came again.
One thought he heard words.
They walked faster,
Thinking the wind was spooked.
Turning back
They sought out the noise.
They soon found what it was.
A hollow log
Making ghostly noises,
Mourning for the past.

Dawn Bulman
Havre Junior High
Havre

THINGS I LIKE

The wind is cold and it is wonderful
to have the windows open, for then
it's warm and cold.
I like to set under a tree
and go swimming
and I like the rhythms
in the air because
if we have no rhythms
what would we do
what would others do
how would we ever sing?

Anita Ann Mason
Whittier Elementary
Missoula

"What are you lookin' at?" Slash yelled at the staring people. "Haven't you ever seen two guys waiting in an airport before? What idiots!"

I didn't say anything. I knew we must have looked a bit strange in our leather jackets, pants and boots, and our short, spikey black hair.

"Is that her? Your cousin?" Slash asked.

"Yeah, doesn't she look like a major loon?" I replied, looking forward to the evening. "She's going to be in New York for two days. We're - - - I'm supposed to show her a good time. Boy, am I ever gonna!" I grinned at him.

"Arthur, is that you?" she had a strong Southern accent, and even stronger perfume. When she got close to us, Slash began gasping and rolling on the floor. She gave him a wary look and turned back to me.

"Rat, my name is Rat. Karen, this - - -"

"Rat? Why, mah goodness, whatever in the world's gotten into you? Why, - - -"

"Shut up. Slash get up. We have to get the luggage." We moved through the crowd, not attracting very much attention when we got to the luggage area. Karen looked amazed. She was as tall as Slash, who was maybe two inches shorter than I. She had black hair, and was wearing jeans.

"By the way, since you only have two nights here, Slash and I have decided to take you out tonight. Have you heard of CBGB's?"

"No, but I don't think . . ."

"Okay, it's settled. Is this yours? Good! Let's go."

"Car keys." Slash held out his hand. I gave them to him and we left the building. We walked along through the hot, summer night. The air was heavy and smelled of car exhaust. Slash jogged ahead and rammed the keys into the door of an old, blue Chevy.

"Hurry up you two!"

I pushed Karen into the back with her suitcase, and we took off. "Try to keep it under eighty in the parking lot, huh?"

"Okay, boss." We paid the parking fee and got out on the road. Karen was speechless. "Don't she talk?" Slash asked, turning completely around to look at her, without even slowing down, although we were doing close to ninety. We drove along without much incident, until "Miss You" came on the radio, and Slash put the car in neutral and began climbing out onto the hood.

"Hey! If you wanna kill yourself, it's all right by me, just don't count me in!"

"But it's a Rolling Stone's song," protested Slash as he climbed back into the driver's seat. We didn't talk anymore until we got to CBGB's, or rather seven blocks from it, although it took nearly an hour and a half.

Slash kind of parked the car, and we got out.

"I'm not going anywhere."

I looked at Slash. We each grabbed an arm and dragged Karen out of the car.

"I hope you'll fit in. At least you're wearing jeans. You sure don't talk much, do you?" But Karen would hardly look at me, much less talk with my friend, who took his name from what he did to himself a year ago.

We passed a few drunks, and a few kids not old enough looking to pass for eighteen. There were a lot of cars on the street - - - it was a Friday night - - - and all the drivers were

rowdy. They had their windows rolled down and were yelling unintelligible things at each other as they honked their horns.

"This ain't a disco, darlin'. It's just a club. I might leave you once we get inside. The band playing is called the Erasers. We probably won't be able to talk much once we're inside, so do you have any last words?" She shook her head, and we entered.

The place is really overwhelming - - - the first time, anyway. It was packed, and hundreds of skinny, sweating bodies were moving in time to the music, which was loud, driving, and played non-stop by five pale, anemic-looking guys. The air was thick with smoke from both regular cigarettes, and those "funny" ones.

"Catch you later, Karen! Have fun!" screamed Slash above the noise into my dazed cousin's ear.

"No! Don't go!" She begged. We just shrugged and walked away. Before we got too far, we were approached by a friend wearing a dog collar and holding a bottle of beer.

"Hey, Rat, Slash. How you doin'?"

"Great, Cheetah. What's up?"

"Nothing much, except - - - you see that guy over there? He's from Creem magazine. They're gonna have a feature on us, man! The Dead Boys!"

"That's great. Is Tommy or John around?"

"John's in the can, but I don't think Tommy's here."

"Thanks. See you around." Since all that yelling had made us hoarse, we went over to the bar and got a drink. Then we pushed our way through the hot, wet crowd to the bathroom, where we could rest our ears and find John.

"John, you here?" I asked, pounding on a booth door.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Can't a guy get any privacy?" John was my height, with very, very blond hair and wrap-around sunglasses.

"Well, she's here."

"Who? Oh - - - that Karen chick, right? You sure you want me to go through with this?"

"Yeah, yeah. I hate her," said Slash. "She won't even talk to me."

"You don't even know her. Wait'll you get to know her, then you'll really hate her. Well, John, my boy, all I can say is this: go out there and do your best. That's the most anyone can ask of you. Don't think about all the people you'll disappoint if you fail, don't think of your shame. Don't - - -"

"Okay, already!" He touched his hair and braced himself to re-enter the crowd. We followed him, trying to look nonchalant. I spotted Karen, just standing around, getting jostled and looking suspiciously at the people. I pointed her out to John, patted him on the back and tried to yell "Good luck," but started laughing instead. Two girls approached us, hoping that we could introduce them to the Dead Boys, but we ignored them studiously, waiting to see Karen's reaction.

John finally made his way over to Karen. He was a bit hesitant at first, and she didn't even notice him. Then the music stopped. He put his arms around her and said, "Hi Karen. Do you wanna dance?"

"Who are you?" She demanded, and he started smiling. "Don't touch me!" she said.

"My name's John." Unfortunately, that's when she spotted us.

"Arthur, Slash, help!" We exchanged disappointed glances. Karen hurled herself at me, knocking down at least four people, and

grabbed my jacket. "What's going on? These people are crazy! Where did you go? Take me home!"

"Okay, okay, calm down," I replied in a tone usually reserved for frightened six-year olds. "Slash, why don't you drive Karen home?"

"No." He sat down on the floor. The Erasers took the stage again and we couldn't talk anymore. Karen refused to let go of my jacket, but I pried her fingers off of it.

"Listen, Karen, we're not leaving. You're a big girl. You should be able to take care of yourself for one night. Go dance with that blond guy!" I shrieked above the noise as I gave her a shove in John's direction.

She started walking, but went past John, and out the door.

"She's left! Come on Slash!"

"I don't wanna!"

"Please. Her folks'll kill me if something happens to their precious!" We shoved our way through and bolted after her. The "fresh" air of New York City, on an August night, nearly knocked us over after the stifling atmosphere inside CBGB's.

"Karen, hey, come on, we were only kidding. Really! We'll take you home now, if you want."

"I want." Poor Karen. I almost felt sorry for her. "Home" was my sister's apartment. Slash and I share a crummy flat in Queens, but as often as not, we stay with friends at the Chelsea Hotel, as it is closer to all the clubs.

"Okay, here's the car. Let's see if we can get it to do 120," said Slash, unlocking the Chevy's doors. Even punks lock their cars in the Big Apple. We made the eight miles to my sister's place in five minutes.

"See you tomorrow, Karen. Oh, you want me to carry your suitcase? Whatsa matter? You weak?" She just glared at me. I couldn't understand why.

"Well, honeybunch," Slash addressed my cousin, "tomorrow we'll do something really cool. Funky but chic, right, Rat?"

"Yeah." We had reached the door. "I'll even knock for you. Goodnight." I put her suitcase down.

"What he said," called Slash, pointing at me. She didn't reply. By this time, we were laughing so hard we could barely stand.

"You know, I've got the strangest feeling she's mad at us," I managed to say as we staggered back to the car. "That look on her face when John wrapped himself around her. Oh, man!" We went back to CBGB's. John didn't think it was too funny, but that's his problem.

Slash and I left for home at four AM, but we got sidetracked by Cheetah, so we didn't actually arrive at home until after six. I don't know how that guy does it. Maybe he takes Megavitamins. We were dead to the world until dinnertime.

"Oh, my head," moaned Slash. "Never again." He was on the floor.

"At least not until after ten, right?"

"Yeah," he grinned in spite of his pain. "Say, what're we gonna do about Karen?"

"Let's be nice to her tonight. She's pretty good-looking, even if she does have a rotten personality. She'll probably tell me we are incorrigible or somethin' else. Why don't we go try to force some food down our throats?" I nudged him with my foot. "Come on, wake up." He didn't move, and I left.

It was a brilliant day. There seemed to be much less smog and fewer insane people driving. New York drivers are terrible, which is why I let Slash handle the driving.

I stopped at a pay phone, dropped my dime in and dialed my sister's number.

"Hi, Chris. This is Rat. Can I talk to Karen?"

"Oh, hi. Sure, just a sec."

"Hello, uh, Rat."

"Karen, just listen to me for a while. Tonight we're going to go out, but we won't be mean or anything. We'll try not to, anyway. We can't buy you dinner - it can't be like a date, you know. But we'll come by for you about ten or so Okay?"

"Rat, I just don't think. . ."

"Good. Let me do that for you. And we're gonna try to find some clothes for you to wear so you'll look a little more natural, right? How tall are you?"

"Five-six, but . . ."

"And what size shoes and pants do you wear?"

"Six and twenty-six."

"Boy, you're small. You wouldn't happen to have any spike heeled black leather boots, would you?"

"No."

"I didn't think so. See you at ten. And don't worry about what to wear, right? Bye." I hung up without waiting for her reply. 'Tonight's gonna be fun,' I thought. 'Now where can I get some clothes for her?' I went back to the flat even though I hadn't eaten. Slash was still on the floor, face down, but he was awake.

"Get up! I just had a great idea and I need your help!" I must have looked pretty excited because he sat right up.

"So tell me about it. Aspirin, please," he said, holding out his hand and lying down again.

"You want water, too, I suppose," I said, walking through the clothes on the floor to the bathroom. "Here," I gave him the water and the pills. "What we're gonna do is dress her, Karen, I mean, up like us and take her out again. She's just about Gyda's size."

"Cheetah's old lady. So she can use Gyda's clothes. I want to show her what it's really like to go out. Get up now, and I'll buy you some breakfast." He raised himself to one elbow, then he was sitting up.

"Ow, I'm sore from sleeping on this floor. Do I have any clean clothes?"

"Just wear what you've got on, hurry! We've got to eat and find Cheetah and Gyda." I grabbed his arm and yanked him to a standing position.

"Can you drive?"

"Of course. I can always drive. Keys."

"You've got 'em."

"Right. I knew that." He dug the keys out of his pocket, and said, "Let's go."

We ate breakfast in a run-down greasy spoon, like we usually do, then drove over to Cheetah's apartment. Slash stopped the car. He didn't park it, just stopped, and we got out. We entered the building, and ran up the stairs, which was an amazing feat if all the people who were on the stairs at the time were taken into consideration. Loud music was coming from the apartment.

"All right! They're home." The door was open. We walked in, greeted Cheetah, and explained the idea to him. He talked it over with Gyda. She was very suspicious. We pleaded for a while, and although in the end we won, I was beginning to think I was going to have to sign an agreement, whereby if anything should happen to the clothes, I would become Gyda's personal slave for a period of twenty years. Gyda loaned us some thigh high black leather boots, a pair of ancient black Levis, and an interesting shirt that Karen

probably wouldn't wear.

"Make-up," Slash said, when we were back in the car.

"What?"

"Girls like make-up. She'll need some to be right. We gotta do this thing right."

"Chris can help us - - - her - - - with that. What time is it?"

"Eight. What time do we hafta get there?"

"Ten. Let's go home and get ready, then we can go help Karen get ready."

We drove home. "I get the shower first!" Slash yelled as he leapt out of the car. By the time I got up to the flat, he was already showering. I cleared the table with one sweep of my arm and put Gyda's things on it. When Slash finished, I jumped in and showered. Then I came out and looked around for some clean clothes. We didn't bother to comb our hair. It stands up better if it isn't combed.

At precisely ten, we knocked on Chris' door. Chris opened the door, but we just pushed past her.

Slash called, "Hi, kid! It's time for your make-over. Take off your clothes."

"What?" asked Karen.

"Here, put these on," I said, handing her Gyda's clothes, "and don't argue!"

She looked at the boots and shook her head. "I'm not doing this."

"Yes, you are." I pushed her into the bedroom. "Change!" I turned from her and went to Chris. "Could you help her with some jewelry and make-up? I mean, make her look like a real punk, right?"

"What are you guys gonna do?"

"Show Karen a good time, of course," replied Slash, plopping himself down on a chair. Then Karen came out, wearing the boots and the shirt, even. She looked really nice. And she was smiling! I couldn't believe it!

"This might be fun," she said, "Let's go!"

"Not just yet. Chris! Do something about her jewelry and so forth," I said.

Chris came over and fussed with Karen for about thirty minutes. When they were done, Karen looked like a pure New York punk. She even had a chain running from her ear to her cheek, where it was glued. Slash and I looked at her, then at each other, and back to her. Slash whooped and said, "Let's get going. They're all gonna drop dead when you walk in, honey."

No one actually died, but a lot of heads turned. Karen really looked spectacular. John came right over.

"Hi, Karen." He didn't even acknowledge Slash's and my presence. "Would you like to dance now?"

I couldn't believe it when she said, "sure," and left. We didn't get to talk to her for the rest of the evening. Not that I minded, but I think Slash was a bit irked. We danced with a few girls and talked with Cheetah and Gyda. At about two, we all decided to leave. I saw John and rushed up to him and said, "We're leaving. Can you see to it that Karen gets home?"

"Right, sure thing, don't worry." I turned around, and nearly walked into Slash, who was standing directly behind me.

"I don't like this," I said worriedly.

"Aw, don't worry. She's leaving tomorrow, and besides, she can take care of herself."

"I hope for my sake that you're right."

We went over to Gyda's and Cheetah's apartment. I was having a great time. Unfortunately, I passed out. I woke up a few hours later, and everyone else seemed to have copied me. I looked around, and went back to sleep. The next time I woke up was when

Slash was shaking me.

"Come on, get up, you disgusting slob!"

"All right, all right. I'm trying."

"What time's her flight?"

"Geez, I don't know."

"Let's go to Chris'"

"Right. Help me up." When we got there, though, John was already there. I had to lean on Slash for the short walk from the car to the door of the apartment. He knocked, and Chris answered.

"Hello. Come on in. Johnny's already here."

"Right," I said. "When is Karen leaving?"

"Pretty soon. You almost missed her."

"Oh, hi guys," said Karen, as she and John emerged from the kitchen. "Come to say goodbye?"

"Yup, and where are the clothes Gyda loaned you?" asked Slash.

"Right here." She handed him a sack, which he gave to me.

"Is John taking you to the airport? I hope so, 'cause we're almost out of gas," said Slash.

"Yes, he is. Well, I guess this is goodbye."

"Bye. Did you enjoy your stay?" asked Slash as he hugged her.

"It was pretty nice. Goodbye, Arthur."

I nodded weakly. "Goodbye, Karen. Come back to Fun City sometime, right?" Slash opened the door for me, and we left.

Nancy Drew
C. M. Russel High School
Great Falls

THE SUNSET

The sun goes down,
Leaving a golden light on the clouds,
Covering the sky with beautiful colors,
Yellow, red, pink, orange, all crossing each other,
As they shimmer and glow like fire.
As the sunset disappears,
The glowing and shimmering stops,
And night settles in,
Like a thousand black leaves
Falling to the earth,

Elizabeth Murnane
Chester Elementary
Chester

In the blue lake
under my house
we go under the house
and swim every night.
Whales floating in the water,
fishes floating on the backs.
Lions like people.
A bonnet that holds your head together.
Rain comes through the house.
The rain has small hands
falling from the sky,
hitting people in the face.
Laughing all the time.
Rain pouring like cats and dogs
when they jumped in the
water, turning us into frogs.

Brenda Lee Fester
Lake School
Medicine Lake

I wish there was a falling star
so I can wish. But I'm so lonely.
There is a shoe falling instead of
a star. I saw the shoe fall on
my pillow.

Kaylene Shane
Crow Agency Public School
Crow Agency

ROCK

A rock is like a turtle.
Sometimes it just sits
there until someone comes
along, picks it up
and away it goes. They throw
it then it lands and sits
there again.

Angela Nimrick
Two Eagle River School
Dixon

IN THE WOODS

As the snow falls and gets
deeper and deeper
the thorn bushes start
to bow down for the king
in the snow.

Trena Fiiley
Frenchtown Elementary
Frenchtown

IN THIS PHOTO

In this photo
my grandmother is sitting
in the livingroom watching TV.
She is watching a favorite game
show while a cat sits on her dress.
There is a picture of me and my
brother on the wall. A newspaper
is on the floor. The telephone
rings
and she answers it
it is the wrong number.

Renee Metcalf
Hawthorne Elementary
Bozeman

SNOW

cold
cold as an ice cube
shaking
white
white as a bird in spring
singing in the trees
wind
wind plowing
shaking the trees
rain falling from
the sky
splash
the birds stop singing

Tracy Frare
West Elementary
Laurel

ENJOYING

At seaside, at ocean
surge of waves like cannonfire
gulls
collecting shells
breathing the salt air
getting wet to the knees
enjoying.

Frank Quinn
Bozeman Sr. High School
Bozeman

IF I COULD GIVE YOU GOLD

I'd give you
a cat with
golden eyes,
a butterfly with
golden wings, and a bird
with a golden beak,
beautiful golden feathers.

Heather Galiher
Granville-Stuart Elementary
Deer Lodge

What Dave said;
think about life as a handle
you turn it to open a door
to opportunities.
Is it safe to open the door
is it safe wondering
and worrying
go on, go open the door
jump in and do it.

Kay Faulker
Bozeman Sr. High School
Bozeman

THE FOREST

As I walk through the forest
I can feel the wind
blowing my hair.
I can hear the rustling of
the leaves.

I can see
birds flying from tree to
tree. My heart is
lonely and a smile never
dims on my face.

But no matter how
I feel I love the forest.
Then the sun comes
out and everything stops. The
wind stops blowing.

The birds stop
flying from tree to tree.
I walk the other
way and keep wishing
that the sun would go away.

Cindy Siewert
Emerson Elementary
Bozeman

MY EYES

Huge glossy marbles,
Big green flower buds,
A tiny set of spies,
China saucers,
The two biggest planets in the sky,
Round mirrors,
Street lights.

Vickie Hunter
Lowell Elementary
Missoula

POEM FROM THE PAST

I was walking alone
close by the mountains one day
I decided to climb a mountain
I reached the top of this quiet place
the air was thin and cold
I climbed up to a sharp point,
thought I was in the clouds
but it was only a fog passing
across the sky
darkness was coming
I climbed down to a low ledge
where I could see other mountains
and the land below where I climbed from.

Darrell Still Smoking
Pikuni Community School
Browning

A golden ring in a blanket
of dark green.

A mirror lake basking in
the sun.

Two white cats against
a red rose bush.

A beige horse resting
in the shadow of a barn.

The rapids of a stream
foaming over the rocks.

A meander of blue in
a green meadow.

Squirrels racing over a
rickety pole fence.

Jessy Tillman
Deer Park Elementary
Columbia Falls

Scratch scratch
goes the wind all
over the night. Scratches
and screeks all over
the night. How can you get
some sleep all over
the night?

David Kellog
Longfellow Elementary
Bozeman

The moon is shining the water
is green the sky
is light green
the fish are dying
and I went fishing in
the green waters and
caught green fish and
my friend ate one fish and he
turned green for ever and ever.

Sean Three Irons
Crow Agency Public School
Crow Agency

HERE

It's quiet
a nice place to share with someone special
it over-looks a magnificent but tiny lake
there's a place for two people
and only two.
The big evergreen trees
keep the secrets told there
from escaping.

Tana Tanglen
Dawson County High School
Glendive

AFTERWORD

When I walk into most schools throughout the state the first question I am generally asked is: "Are you the poet?" Of course, since I am new to the school the kids expect me to say: "Yes, I'm the poet. This week we are going to do some poetry."

But this year has been a little different for some of the school children in this state. When they ask me if I am the poet, I say: "No. I'm a fiction writer and we're going to do some short stories this week." The responses vary, ranging like a herd of cattle in every direction. Everything from "Oh boy. I've never done a short story," to a challenge from a student in Glendive. "You're not a writer," the student said. "You can't be."

"Why not?" I asked.

"All writers are dead," the student said. "Shakespeare. Faulkner. Hemingway. They're all dead. Maybe when you die you can become a writer, but you aren't one now."

I hope after my week in Glendive I convinced this student that I am indeed a live writer, as he is, since he, and the students I worked with this year all wrote short stories. It is a different process, a different form, but I found many students seemed to enjoy the whole experience immensely. As I tried to point out in the residencies I held this year, we all tell stories. Constantly. I hear them in the halls as the students change classes. "Do you know what Ronnie did last night?" And if you pause for just a moment you will hear a little story about Ronnie and whatever befell him last night.

Stories come in other forms. Since the mind seeks to structure the chaos of the world, even something so simple as a daydream has form. And that form is generally a story. It can be traditional, like the fair maiden, who in reality might be a sophomore in high school, awaiting the removal of the braces on her teeth, being rescued by the White Knight, who just happens to sit across from her in Algebra class. Or a story can form as the writer tries to invent a new world, characters, their situations, the resolutions of their problems, that come solely from the author's mind.

This was a new experience for many students. A poem can be written in one class

period, sometimes, the poets tell me, a poem can be written in one sitting. Having taught the short story for several years, I've found that stories are built, that what one writes on Monday is added to on Tuesday, and Wednesday, and on and on. Stories grow. They gain in size, shrink in revision, grow again, and maybe even shrink again, as the author reaches toward the final draft. Characters can be introduced, killed off; they can fall in love or rob a bank. In imagining the life of a character the student is saying something about his own life and what he knows of the world around him.

Perhaps the one big difference between the story and the poem is that traditionally the story seeks an audience. A poem can straddle an imaginary fence. A poem can talk to the world at large, or be more private and talk exclusively to its author. Both are valid forms. But with a short story this is not the case. Man began telling stories in order to communicate something to others. By definition, then, a story is a gift to others, a verbal message about what the author sees and thinks about the world.

The author creates characters, puts them in a bind, and gets them out again. This is a wonderful thing for children to do since often they feel they are not in charge of their own lives. But they are in charge of the lives of their characters and can manipulate them to express something about how they feel. And since the story is designed as a gift for others the author must use all his resources to get his characters to speak and act as clearly as possible so that his message comes through strongly.

The stories in this anthology reflect this. Since it is impossible to publish all the stories and poems written by students who worked with the Poets and Writers in the Schools program we have tried to present not necessarily the best stories and poems, but a cross section of work that is representative of the thoughts and minds of students in Montana. Unfortunately, many good stories and poems could not be presented here. But to me that is not the real purpose of the Poets and Writers in the Schools program. The real purpose is to help the students generate and articulate their thoughts. Poems and stories give form to these thoughts and present them in entertaining and persuasive ways.

Those of us who work with the Poets and Writers in the Schools program hope the young authors, their parents and teachers, their friends and acquaintances, enjoy this book. We also hope that those students whose work is not shown here will recall their experiences with their writers, will read over the stories and poems they wrote, and grow. Man is the only animal with a written language to capture his thoughts and imagination. We hope the Poets and Writers in the Schools program furthers this in some way.

Sara Vogan

CREATIVE WRITING RESOURCES FOR TEACHERS

Back issues of AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW. Each issue of APR includes a supplement devoted to Poetry-in-the Schools: essays on teaching writing in various school situations and examples of student writing. Subscriptions: one year/$5., two years/$9. AMERICAN POETRY REVIEW, Temple University Center City, 1616 Walnut Street, Room 405, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

ANGWAMAS MINOSEWAG ANISHINABEG (Time of the Indian). A continuing magazine of writings by Indian children. Free, from Molly LaBerge, Minnesota Poets-in-the-Schools, COMPAS, 75 West 5th Street, St. Paul, MN 55102.

THE ANT'S FOREFOOT publishes adult poetry by poet-teachers, accompanied by poems of young (12 and under) students they have been working with for at least a year. To contribute, send 10 poems by the student only. If accepted, you will be asked to contribute a comparable number of poems yourself. Subscriptions: 4 issues/$8. Send to David Rosenberg, 29 St. Mark's Place, New York, NY 10003.

BEING WITH CHILDREN: A HIGH-SPIRITED ACCOUNT OF TEACHING WRITING, THEATER, AND VIDEOTAPE. By Phillip Lopate. Doubleday, 1975. Bantam paperback $1.95.

CROW AGENCY ANTHOLOGIES: Yearly publication (1975-1979) of poems by students in the Crow Agency Public School. Crow Agency Public School, Box 219, Crow Agency, MT 59022.

THE LIVES OF CHILDREN: George Dennison. Vintage ppb $1.95.

MY SISTER LOOKS LIKE A PEAR: AWAKENING POETRY IN YOUNG PEOPLE. By Doug Anderson. Hart Publishing, 1974. $7.50 (hardcover), $2.95 (paperback).

NEW SOUNDS IN AMERICAN FICTION: Gordon Lish, Editor. Cummings Publishing Company, Menlo Park, California, 1969.

ODE IS MY DOG (1978), THE EARTH IS TINGLING AT MY FEET (1977), and I FEEL LIKE TOUCHING SOMETHING THAT'S NOT THERE (1976): Poems by students in elementary and secondary schools of Montana. The Montana Arts Council, 1280 South 3rd West, Missoula, MT 59801.

ROSE WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RED? Kenneth Koch. Teaching great poetry to children. Random House, 1973. $7.95 (hardcover), $2.45 (paperback).

STONE SOUP. William Rubel, editor. Poetry, prose and art from children worldwide. 3 issues/$4.95. Single copies/$2. Write: *Stone Soup,* Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063.

THE TEACHER PAPER. "The only magazine to print only work by teachers." Published 5 times a year. Year/$8. Single issues/$1.75. *The Teacher Paper,* 2221 N. E. 23 Street, Portland, OR 97212.

TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE PUBLICATIONS. Highly recommended. Includes: *Teachers & Writers Magazine.* Gathers the experiences of writers and other artists who have conducted workshops in schools and community groups; typical issue contains diary excerpts and examples of student work. Three issues/$5., six issues/$9., nine issues/$12. THE WHOLE WORD CATALOG 1 (72 pp.), $4. THE WHOLE WORD CATALOG 2 (352 pp.), $6.95. "A Sequel to the WHOLE WORD CATALOG 1, long an underground bestseller among teachers and educators, this collection deepens the educational ground broken by that volume, which *Learning* magazine called, 'The best practical guide for teachers who really want to stimulate their students to write.'" IMAGINARY WORLDS by Richard Murphy, $3. A DAY DREAM I HAD AT NIGHT by Roger Landrum, $3. FIVE TALES OF ADVENTURE, $3. TEACHING AND WRITING POPULAR FICTION; HORROR, ADVENTURE, MYSTERY AND ROMANCE IN THE AMERICAN CLASSROOM by Karen Hubert, $4. All materials may be ordered from Teachers & Writers, 186 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

TO DEFEND A FORM: Ardis Kimzey. Teachers and Writers Collaborative, 1977. $4.00 (paperback).

THE TRIGGERING TOWN: Richard Hugo. 1978 Norton. Essays on teaching creative writing, upper level.

WISHES, LIES, AND DREAMS: Kenneth Koch. Teaching poetry to elementary school children. Random House, 1971. $2.45 (paperback).

WRITING IN GENERAL AND THE SHORT STORY IN PARTICULAR: Rust Hills. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1977. $8.95 (hardcover).

WRITING THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL: William Stafford. Views on writing and teaching creative writing, upper level. University of Michigan Press. P.O. Box 1104, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

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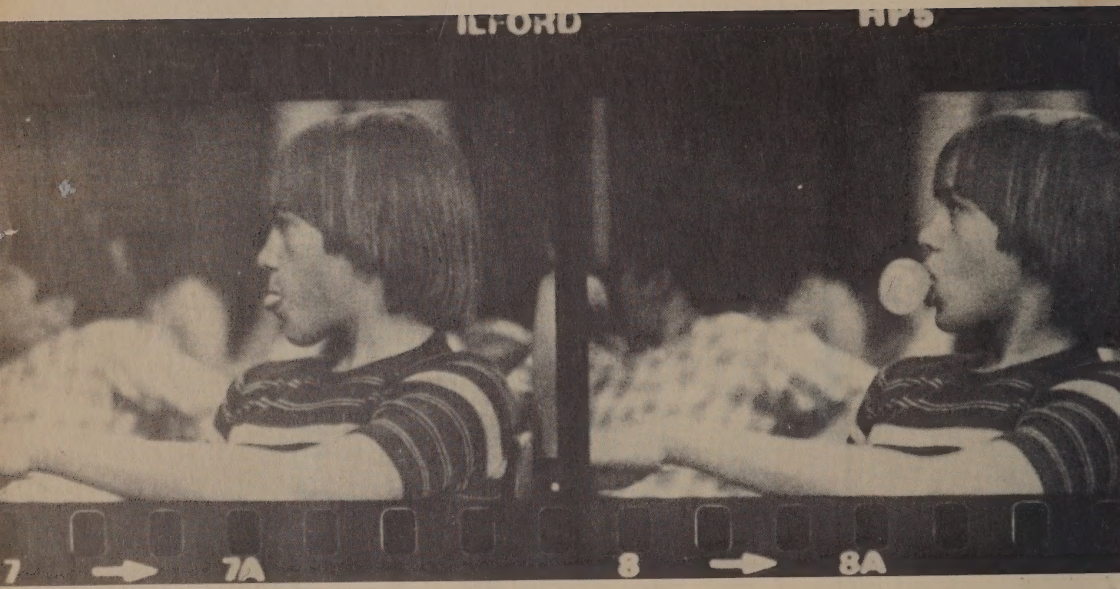
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